THE BYSTANDER
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THE GRAND NATIONAL: Special Article and Colour Pages

The BYSTANDER

'Soothing as an Old Time Melody'

Spinet

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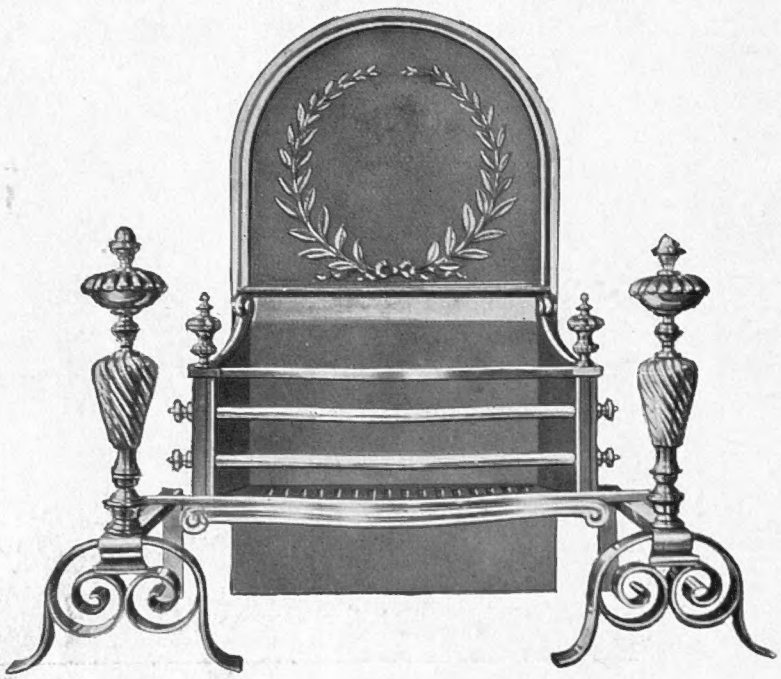
Period Fireplaces



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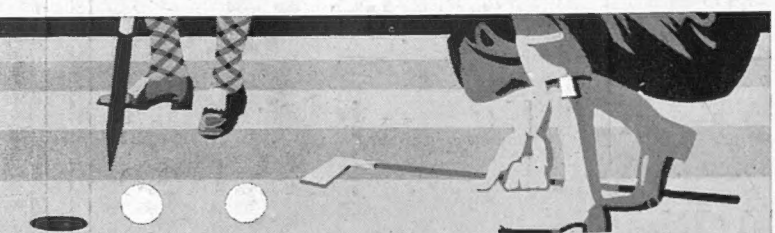

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BY APPOINTMENT

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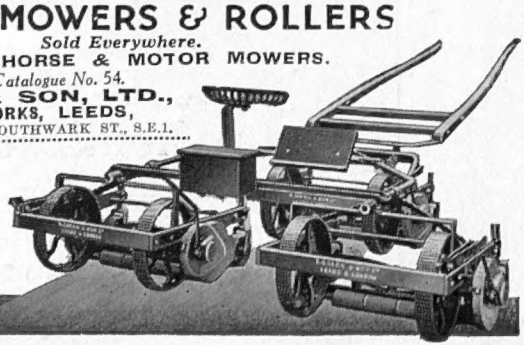

Green's Triple Horse Mower with strong reversible, self-sharpening cutting cylinders (which can be put out of action when travelling), ball bearings, machine-cut gears in oil bath gear case. Cutting width 84 inches.

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10h.p. Tax £10.
55 m.p.h. on top.
35-40 m.p.g.!

THAT sums up the 10 h.p. 1927 models. Typifies their wonderful superiority. Explains their maintained popularity in the face of the fiercest international competition.

The four-seater has four doors and all models have Four Wheel Brakes in addition to absolutely complete equipment. Ideal for the novice, a delight to the experienced motorist. Why not arrange for a Trial Run with our local Agent?

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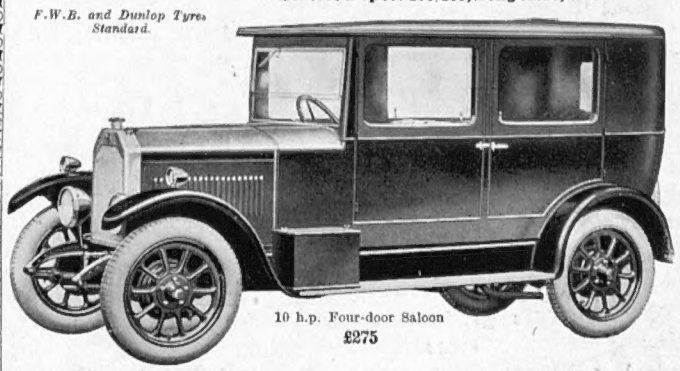

10 h.p. Four-door Saloon
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Grand National No.

The BYSTANDER

BY "THE TOUT"

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Whose mount, Jack Horner, was strongly fancied in the Grand National Steeplechase before the damage to his leg at exercise. This brilliant horseman has been second and third in the great 'chase

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The **1927**

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Are Records Worth While?

A RENOVATED and improved Brooklands was opened last week, and it was natural that the speed merchants should find themselves discussing the fate of the speed king, poor Parry Thomas. They do not underestimate the value of seconds at Brooklands. Among the general public you may occasionally hear a voice raised in protest, but those connected with the industry know that the life of the pioneer is never wasted. Men like Parry Thomas are the pacemakers who speed up the entire business and keep Britain ahead of her foremost rivals.

Speed Merchants

THERE is a Golden Road to Samarkand, along which the pioneer, whether on land, on sea, or in the air is for ever pressing. Since the days of Icarus, lives have been sacrificed on the altar of Progress—gladly, eagerly sacrificed—and the Roll of Honour continues to grow. So the speed merchants of Brooklands, contemplating the newly-surfaced track, dream only of old records to be broken and new triumphs to be won upon their own particular Golden Road:—

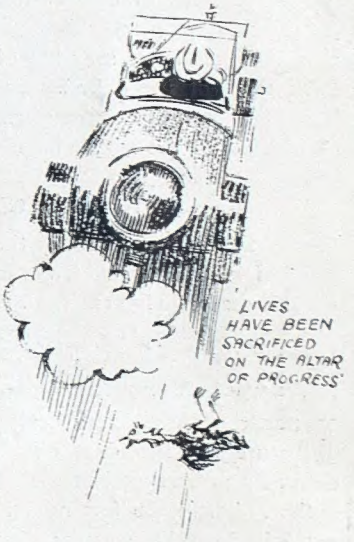
"What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus.
Men are unwise and curiously planned.
They have their dreams, and do not think of us,
Along the Golden Road to Samarkand."

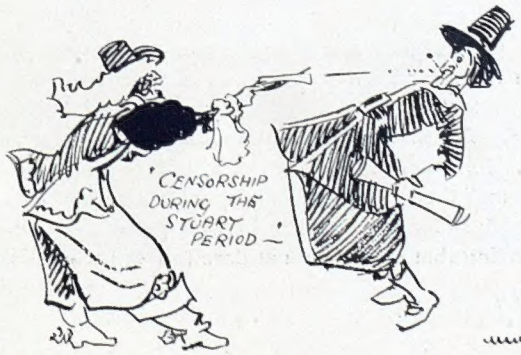
Two Poets

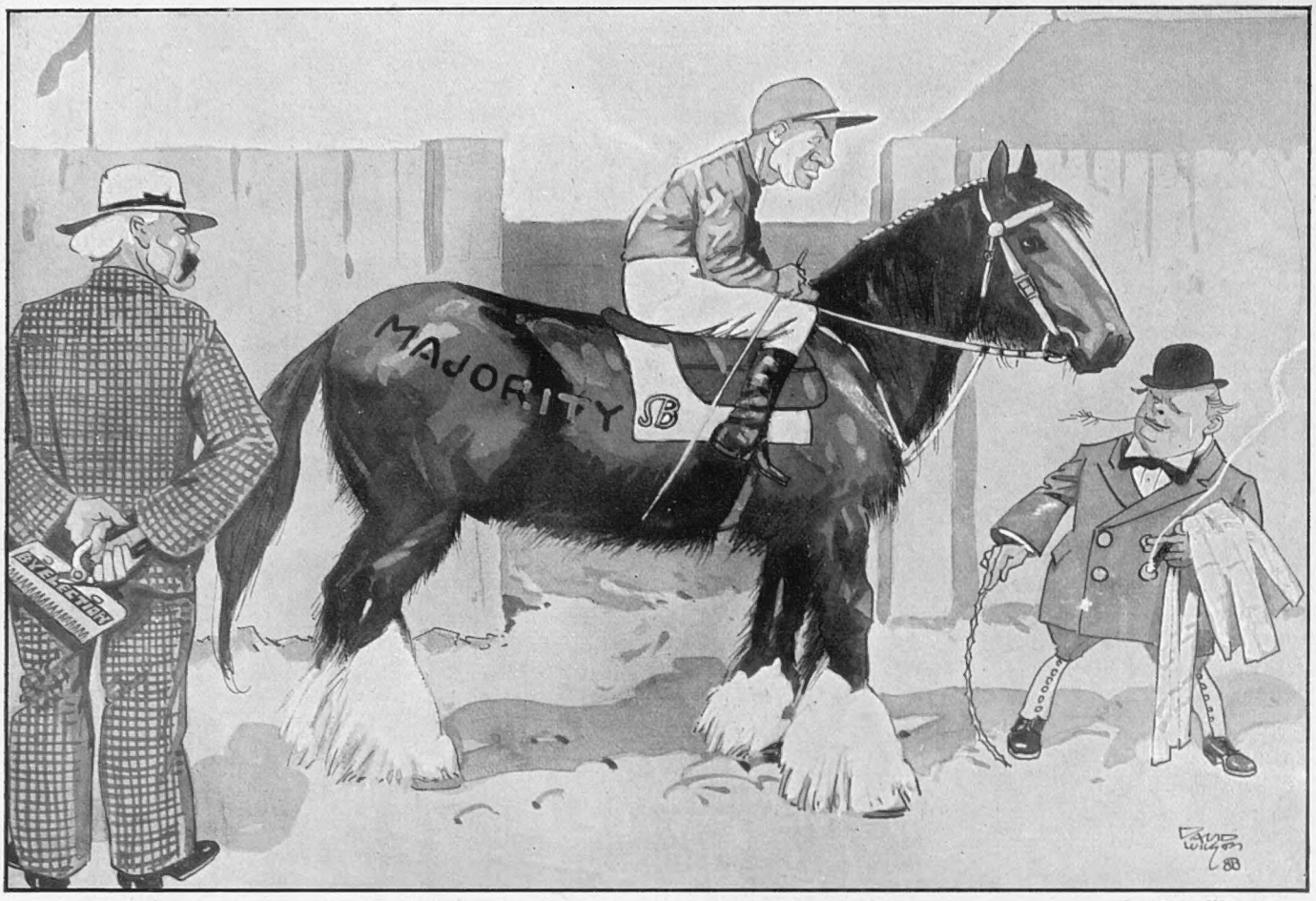
TALKING of Samarkand reminds me of Flecker, who finds mention in "Second Essays on Literature," by Edward Shanks—the mildest-mannered critic who ever cut short a spurious reputation. We are reminded of the occasion on which Flecker, "crowned with red flowers, poled a lantern-decked canoe up to Grantchester to see Rupert Brook." Not having read the essay, I cannot say whether Mr. Shanks draws any invidious comparisons between the work of these dead poets. Myself, I have little doubt that the author of *Hassan* is destined to tower above Brook, even though the latter has "The Soldier" and "The Old Vicarage" to his credit. But, as I say, such comparisons are invidious—at any rate for the present.

The Fault of the Dutch

THIS outcry against the gift of bulbs by Dutch growers to the British Office of Works is one of the funniest things I have heard for a long time. It is suggested that the Dutch bulb-growers seek to advertise their industry at the expense of the home growers. What a joke! One might as well sympathise with the money-lenders of London because America decided to cancel the international debt. The dog in the manger said: "You shan't have it if I can't"; but these critics go further, and say: "You shan't make a present to anyone because I don't feel inclined to do so myself." I can only hope that the Dutch bulbs will flourish so exceedingly that the English growers will be tempted to secure a similar advertisement for themselves.







By David Wilson

THE POLITICAL "GRAND NATIONAL"—THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE "CLIPPER"!

Talking Tulips

It is possible, of course, that the English growers have got wind of some subtle plot on the part of their Dutch rivals. These latter may have bribed the gardeners in Hyde Park to plant the daffodils and tulips to some set design. They may make their appearance in the pattern of a map of Holland or the Dutch flag. They may even spell out the words:—

BUY DUTCH BULBS!

Should this happen, I really think the English growers have cause for complaint. On second thoughts, perhaps, we should reserve judgment until those bulbs are in bloom.

A Venerable Monument

I don't suppose Lord Crewe is lying awake at night because the President of the French Stage Society has entered a protest against the banning of a play by a French author. There are few managers or dramatists who would not join in a little community singing, providing the song selected was "The Censor of To-day's All Right." It has not been ever thus. Twenty years ago, a writer whose name I cannot recollect—probably because I never knew it—opened a treatise on the Censorship in this devastating fashion:—"As the present moment threatens destruction to this venerable monument of Tudor antiquity, it will be opportune to recall some incidents of its history."

"Ribaldry and Offense"

The stage was sickening for censorship during the Tudor epoch, but it was during the later Stuart period that the Master of the Revels became the Censor—the sort of Censor who could write:—"I hope every hearer and player will thinke that I have done God good servise, and the quality no wrong; who hath no greater enemies than oaths, profaneness, and publique ribaldry." Ten years later we find this illuminating entry:—"Received of Mr. Kirke, for a new play, which I burnte for the ribaldry and offense that was in it, £2." I wonder what modern authors would think of *that* treatment.

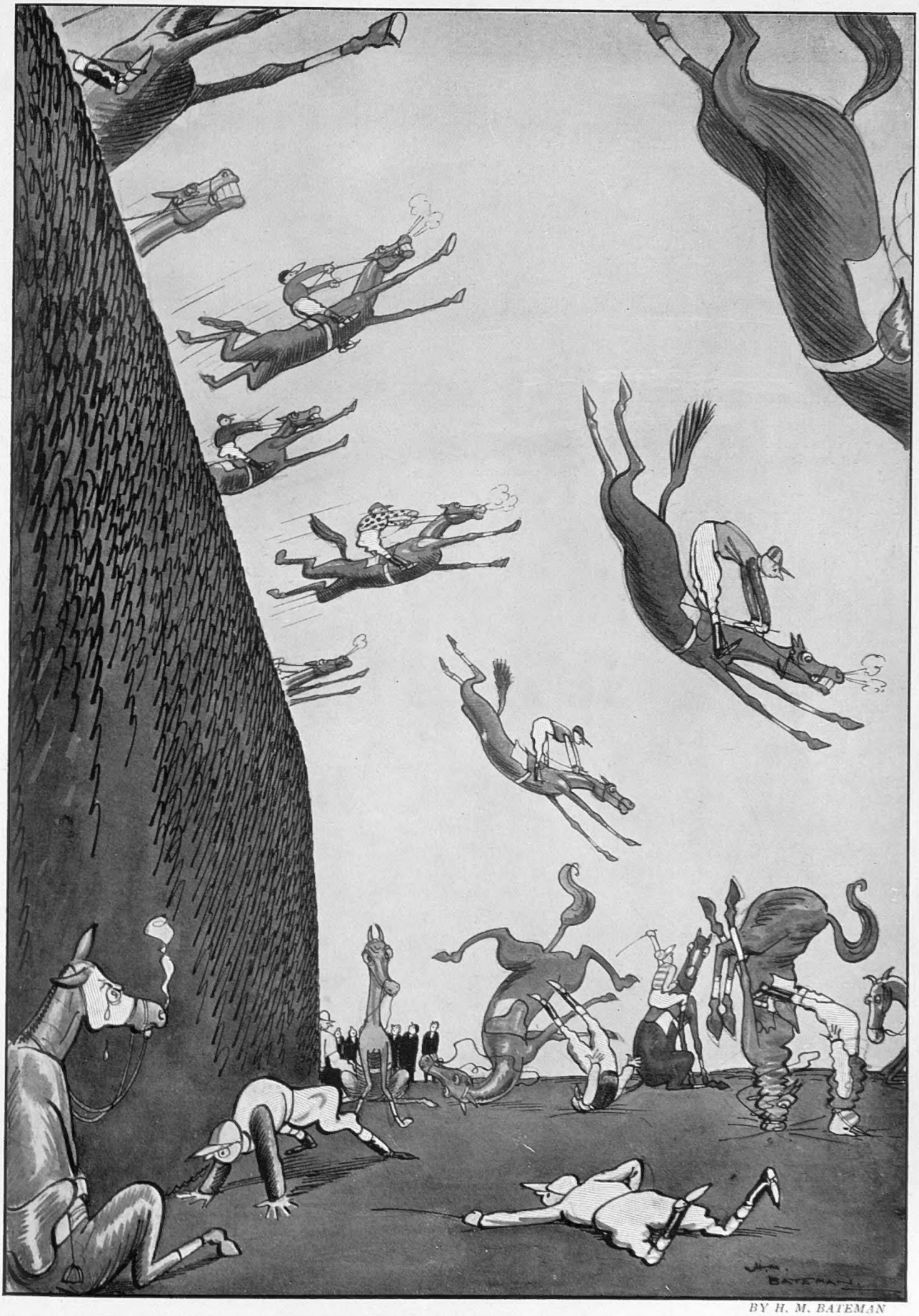
My Fee Notwithstanding

I wonder if our present Censor has read the "chatty office book" kept by Sir Henry Herbert, the first of his line, and discovered a hundred years ago "mouldering away in an ancient chest"? His fees were £2 for every new, and £1 for every revived, play; a box at each theatre; two benefits and other perquisites. The licence was renewed of *The Winter's Tale* on the promise that "nothing profane was added or reformed," and in 1630 we find a statement of Sir Henry's views on fees:—"I did refuse to allow of a play of Messingers because it did contain dangerous (political) matter. I had my fee notwithstanding, which belongs to me for reading itt over, and ought to be brought always with the booke."

Will They Come Back?

People are asking curiously if the success of Miss Lily Elsie in *The Blue Train* at Southsea last week will result in the return to the stage of other favourites—Vi Loraine, for instance. At the supper party which followed the production both Miss Loraine and Miss Zena Dare were among the guests, and the question was very naturally one of the topics tabled for discussion. Miss Loraine got out of it very neatly by saying that she would not dare to tread where Miss Elsie had triumphed, and Miss Dare said that if she had not come back before Miss Elsie she would never have come back at all.

"Theirs Not to Reason Why—"



BY H. M. BATEMAN

ONE OF THE STIFFEST JUMPS ON THE AINTREE COURSE AS SEEN BY THE ILLUSTRATED "DAILIES" ON GRAND NATIONAL DAY

'WE ARE TEN' *Photopress*

The five daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Edwards, of Mount Seifton, Craven Arms, near Shrewsbury, line up with five "friends" for the photographer. They are all riders of repute and have gained many prizes in competitions and shows

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Lent

Lent makes practically no difference to social amenities in these days except in one particular—no large balls are given in private houses, although no difference is made in the giving of dances.

There was a time when large dinner parties during Lent were considered not irreverent but much worse, "bad form." That idea perished very early in King Edward's reign, but there were still a considerable number of folk who felt that any form of amusement during the six weeks between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday was "not the thing to do." But I think all these must have perished, too.

The social observation of Lent only came in with the Tractarian Movement. Before that time its present-day rigours, laid down by the Churches, were virtually unknown even to high ecclesiastics of the Church of England. At the height of the Tractarian Movement a strict observance of Lent became distinctly a matter of fashion. Nowadays it seems that people feel they can be good without making themselves thoroughly uncomfortable.

A London Fortune

Sir Ronald Gunter, whose infant daughter has just been christened, owes his wealth to the enterprise and foresight of that James Gunter who in the eighteenth century founded the pastrycook and catering establishment in Berkeley Square, where most of us at some time or another in our youth have had a "Gunter ice." But the family long ago ceased to have any connection with the shop in Mayfair. Nor did their fortune come from that source.

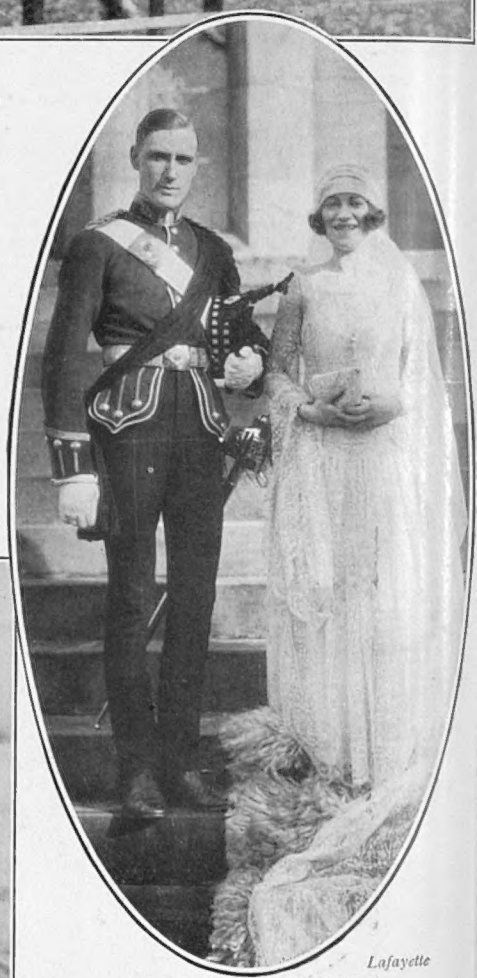
The first James Gunter had a villa at Earl's Court, then a region of fields and market gardens. Foreseeing the spread of London in that direction he bought land on which Earl's Court, West Brompton, and parts of South Kensington and Chelsea were afterwards built; bringing his descendants, it is said, a rent roll of something like £200,000 a year. His grandson bought Wetherby Grange in Yorkshire.

The present baronet, the third of the line, is twenty-three, and succeeded his father, Sir Nevill Gunter, who died in France during the War, when he was thirteen. Sir Nevill sold the Gunter property in Earl's Court and thereabouts only two months before his death, but the family connection with the creation of that district is perpetuated by a long row of names of streets and

Quick Pictures

"A LITTLE WALK, A LITTLE TALK"

Mr. Greville Steel photographed with his fiancée, Miss Maud Cecil, the younger daughter of Sir Evelyn Cecil, M.P. Mr. Steel is the son of Colonel Richard Steel



Lafayette

A SCOTTISH WEDDING

Mr. Alexander Hay Seton, of the 1st Battalion The Royal Scots, photographed after his marriage to Miss Zeyla Sanderson at St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh. Mr. Seton is the eldest son of Sir Bruce and Lady Seton of Abercorn

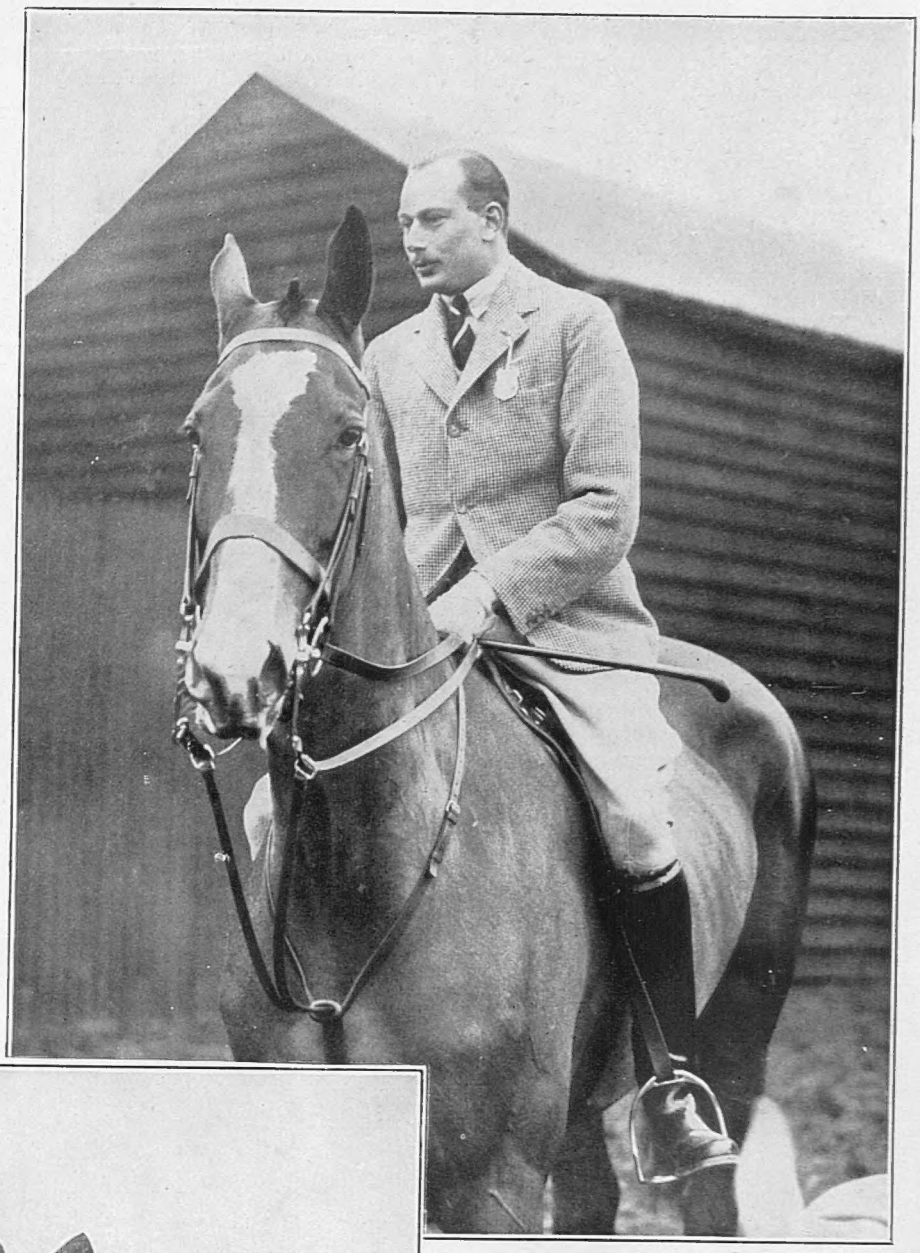
gardens. Thus, Tregunter Road is a Cornish effort at Gunter; Wetherby Gardens is so named after Wetherby Grange; Collingham Gardens, after a village on the Wetherby estate; Bramham Gardens, after the Bramham Hunt, of which the Gunters were members; Knaresborough Place and Barkston Gardens stand for two constituencies represented in Parliament by the first baronet, Sir Robert Gunter; and Gledhow Gardens, after Gledhow Hall in Yorkshire, the home of the first Lady Gunter.

The Old People and the Old Acres

THERE is something particularly pleasing in hearing that people have gone back to properties which once belonged to their families, and which had been sold. I suppose it appeals to one's sense of the romantic. A notable instance is Elsick, in Kincardineshire, the Scottish home of Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie. Elsick was part of the Bannerman estates, which the fourth baronet was forced to sell at nominal price or run the risk of forfeiture. The Bannermans were Hereditary Banner-Bearers to the Kings of Scotland, and Charles II conferred a baronetcy upon them in reward for their constancy to the Stuart cause. The third baronet raised a regiment for the Young Pretender, and fought with it at Culloden. His son, the fourth baronet, faced with confiscation, because of his father's and his own participation in the rebellion, had to sell for what was offered.

Just about a hundred years later the ninth baronet, Sir Alexander Bannerman, succeeded, and he was able to buy Elsick and a part of his old family property, which at his death he left to his only child, Lord Carnegie's mother, the Countess of Southesk.

Another instance that comes to one's mind is Battle Abbey. It belonged to the Websters, but they had to sell it. For many years it was occupied by Lord Rosebery's mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, and her second husband, and after her death by the most hospitable American Grace family. Then a turn in the wheel of fortune made it possible for a Webster descendant to buy the historic place. But his wife was drowned in the lake whilst trying to save her daughter, and now Battle Abbey knows the Websters no more. It has become a ladies' school.



Sport and General

PRINCE HENRY AT MELTON

Prince Henry photographed at the recent Melton Hunt Steeplechases. These were held at Button Lazars, Leicestershire

Topical

THE LAST FENCE TO VICTORY

The Prince of Wales photographed taking the last fence in the Lord Manners' Cup at the Grenadier Guards Point-to-Point meeting at Hillesden. The Prince won the race by two lengths

One Generation

ANCIENT tenure does not come into the repurchase by Sir Samuel Scott of the North Harris property which he sold seven years ago to the late Viscount Leverhulme, because the estate, which originally belonged to the Earls of Dunmore, was bought by his father. But although Sir Samuel Scott sold the property he has never left it, as he remained on as Lord Leverhulme's tenant of the house, which has the unpronounceable name to us Southrons of Amhuinnsuidh Castle, the fishings, shootings, and deer-forest.

The castle was built by an Earl of Dunmore, who called it Fincastle, after the title of his eldest son. Sir Samuel Scott's father, however, when he bought the property, gave it the Gaelic name which you see above, and of which the

British Illus.

MISS MARY ASHLEY and CAPTAIN CUNNINGHAM REID, M.P.

L.N.A.

LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO (left) and LADY RAVENSDALE

correct pronunciation is as exciting as a crossword puzzle.

The Other Side of the Medal

THE other side of the medal—and the side we see most frequently in these days—is the forthcoming sale by auction of Lord Ormathwaite's fine house, Warfield Park, not far from Ascot. It has been in his family for over a century and a half.

As Sir Arthur Walsh, Lord Ormathwaite was one of the most important people at Court, having been Master of the Ceremonies from the time of the King's accession until he himself succeeded his father as third baron, thirteen years later. The family name was originally Benn, but the first baronet assumed that of Walsh by royal licence. His son was created a peer, taking his title from the then family house, Ormathwaite Hall, in Cumberland. Lord Ormathwaite married an aunt of the Marquess Camden. She died six years ago, and as they had no children the heir to the barony is his brother, the Hon. George Walsh.

British Illus.

MRS. FITZGERALD and MISS IRENE MANN THOMPSON

A Burglar's Feelings

IN the last few weeks burglars have been having a high old time in the West End. Every single house in a street quite close to Buckingham Palace, I am told, has had a visit from these gentry. And in practically every case entrance was made whilst the family were at dinner. This time seems to be specially favoured by Bill Sikes's very skilful modern prototypes. As a rule, all the upper rooms of a house are empty then, the servants being downstairs, and this gives the burglar the opportunity of going through any jewel-cases the mistress of the house may have left on her dressing-table.

But I should have liked to have seen the face of a burglar who stole a pearl necklace from a house in Kensington when he took it to the "fence." The necklace was in a case, bearing the name of one of the first jewellers in London, in the drawer of a dressing-table. The burglar carried off the case as well as the necklace. But this just happened to be an imitation which the owner wears when travelling. The real necklace, a very valuable one, was round its owner's neck at the dinner-table two floors below whilst the imitation was being "pinched," and can't you imagine how gleefully?

Sport and General

COLONEL SELBY LOWNDES and MISS GREENLEES

A Camera Medley from the Melton

Sport and General

LORD BLANDFORD with LADY HILLINGDON and LADY ADARE

An Original Idea

A SCHEME which should be very helpful to the National Memorial to Queen Alexandra has been set on foot by the Women's Committee, of which the Duchess of Portland is President. The owners of beautiful and notable gardens all over the country are being asked if they will throw them open to the public during the Whitsuntide holidays, that is from May 30 to June 11, at a small charge, the proceeds going to the funds for the Memorial. Already, I hear, the response of garden owners has been most generous, and thus there will be an opportunity of seeing practically all the noted gardens in England and Scotland, and in some parts of Ireland. Facilities, too, are to be arranged for excursions by motor and char-a-banc from London and other centres in order that the gardens may be visited.

Hunt 'Chases at Burton Lazars

Temperament and Art

THE musicians, poets, painters, and other artistic folk who flourished in the last century were easily recognisable from the common herd of Philistines, who knew not the Yellow Book and considered Marcus Stone's works the last word in beauty. In their sartorial appearance they undoubtedly wore their Art on their sleeve, and flaring cloaks, bows and beards were the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual superiority. A credulous public pandered to their whims and idiosyncrasies—which were more often than not attributable to "temper" rather than "temperament," to a degree which was as gratifying to, as it was bad for, the highbrows. Nowadays, however, it is the exception rather than the rule to find anyone who *is* anyone in the artistic world adopting such methods to gain recognition.

Sport and General

LADY WODEHOUSE, LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN and MRS. ALTEMUS

The Modern Note

WHETHER the War had anything to do with sweeping away the ostentatiously "arty" crowd I know not, but the fact remains that nowadays it is difficult to tell an eminent painter from a prosperous pork-butcher. Poushinoff, the famous pianist, who will give his first concert of the season at the Queen's Hall on May 25—it is in aid of that excellent cause the Women's Guild of Empire, by the way—is a case in point. No one would challenge his position in the world of music, but to meet him casually it would be impossible to tell that he was a justly famous musician. I have only heard him wax lyrical on one thing connected even indirectly with his work, and that was to sing the praises of some special beer of Royal brew presented to him by admirers at Burton-on-Trent!

The Gloves Off

THOSE of us who were in France during the War saw many things, and experienced many things, that we have never seen reproduced on any War-film. A good many people, I believe, have been shocked by *What Price Glory?* at the Plaza, a film setting out the experiences of American Marines in China, the Philippines, and in France.

As for China and the Philippines I can say nothing, because I've never been to either of 'em, but as for France—well, your Bystander can only say that, as he saw the film, it seemed as if the hands of the clock had been turned back ten years.

In no other film of the War has a producer had the courage to give the reality. In *What Price Glory?* you have the real story. It's not a pretty story, I grant you—blood, mud, horrors, bursting shells, exploding mines, gas—but it is all what thousands of us went through. And from the trenches to the "rest" places behind the line every detail is so true that they might have been cinematographed during the War itself.

Most of the War-films I have seen have been war with kid gloves on—all the trenches, etc., swept and dusted. *What Price Glory?* shows the War as it really was, stripped of all the conventions that have grown up around its representation, both on the stage and the cinema, yes, war as it really is, devastating, damning and horrible.

British Illus.

LADY STANLEY

L. N. A.

MRS. FITZCLARENCE and LADY BELPER

L. N. A.

LADY BRECKNOCK and HER MOTHER, MRS. JENKINS

News Illus.

LORD LONDESBOROUGH and the HON. MRS. AUBREY HASTINGS

From Our Portrait Gallery

Hugh Cecil

LADY HELEN DIANA BRIDGEMAN

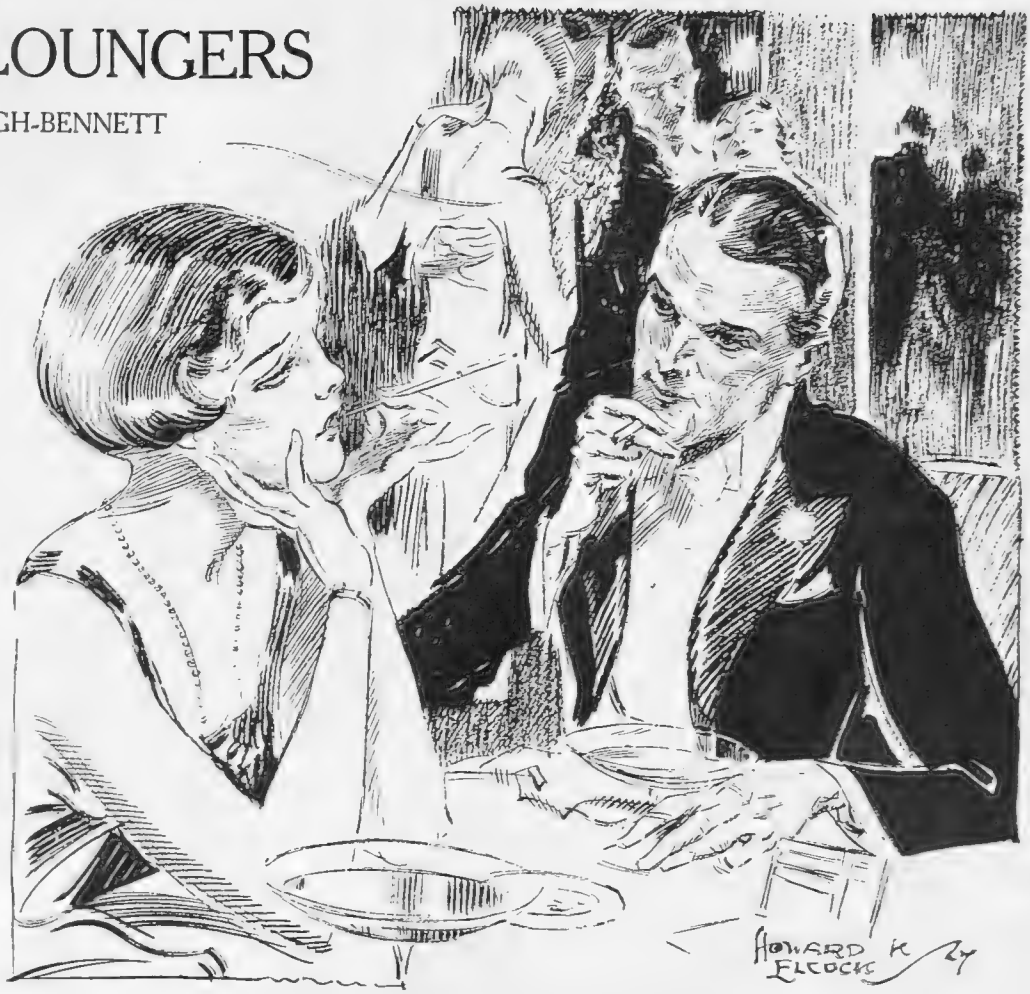
The beautiful eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford. She was a bridesmaid at Princess Mary's wedding, and when she was twelve years old published a book of her poems, which she illustrated herself

LONDON LOUNGERS

By E. P. LEIGH-BENNETT

Illustrations by H. K. ELCOCK

No. II.
THE BUTTERFLY



"Her name is Constance. But he calls her Zoë"

NATURALISTIC gentlemen, who stick them on to cork boards with pins, will tell you that the butterfly is merely a general name for any of the daylight Lepidoptera, in contrast to the twilight and nocturnal forms similarly slumped together under the popular name Moths. And that the butterfly passes through a complete metamorphosis during the course of a short life. One impressively scientific old gentleman in a somnolent London club which knows not women, and is on the verge of bankruptcy in consequence, wandered on lyrically about butterflies to me after dinner the other night. He told me that "butterflies may be fairly called the favourite insects; the ravages committed in their caterpillar stage seem absorbed by the grace and beauty of their adult life. . . ."

I murmured politely, "Quite," from time to time, as one does to botanically-minded men who have just given you a two-and-eightpenny *Flor De Finos* and some Versailles Palace brandy. And presently, with his words in mind, the cigar and I stolled cabaretwards to study some of the bright-hued moths at close quarters.

The old boy was quite right, bless him.

The London butterfly does not dart from flower to flower in an open daylight of women, for all the world to see and admire the peregrinations. The process is slow, and the venue of the flower-beds varied; though much sweetness is extracted in the flights. Here is a good specimen. He is signing her in at the door of "The Crypt" at this moment. A "Polyommatus Phlæas," my old boy, by this time sleeping gently in that mid-Victorian smoking-room, would docket him on sight. Rather apt, too, as he prefers "Polly," to soda, and he will flee sure enough in due course.

You cannot see the woman of the moment because she is looking at herself in the Cloak Room glass, in the same detached, absorbed manner over the same lengthy period as she looked at her *mise en scène* in the Cloak Room glass at the "Cafideparis" not four minutes ago. He stands nonchalantly in people's way on the entrance steps, surveying the gay world with pessimism in his eyes and a carnation in his button-hole.

The women whose eyes are for ever on the doors of Dance Clubs have seen him through the mist of smoke and supper, and two of these have changed colour slightly under the powder. There was a time when they each looked at him as the very slim, dark woman has just looked at him on emerging from those semi-circular curtains—with a smile that almost articulates the phrase, "My pet, how nice this is; just you and me," and a slight pressure of her fingers on his arm which may mean so much, or so little, as they thread their way towards the booked table.

She had been one of six of her kind, first of all, at a terribly dull party, convened by a clamant hostess whose first husband ("dead, thank God!") had made a cool quarter of a million out of corn-plasters. And they had all been "taken on" to a Ball where everything but Charity was lavish. He had spotted her through the foliage of the foreign flowers at dinner, and had said to himself merely, "That's mine." He had then gone on agreeing entirely with the face-lifted woman on his right that April Morn was "rotten" in the new show, "Fishers of Men"; but that, of course—rather—exactly—everyone knew how she had secured *that* part.

In the half dark of one of the Daimlers, on the way to the house of silver door-handles and hereditary instincts, he had leaned forward to her and said, "Put not your trust in princes, but in me for the first dance." And she had smiled and said, "Right," not knowing him from Adam, but being amused at his reference to the three-a-penny prince of some defunct, pre-war monarchy who had been very regal with her at dinner. So they had shuffled about in the whirlpool of wealth-worshippers for a bit: heard the host telling an awed Stoke Newington chorus lady that the maple of the parquet floor had been brought for him "all the vay vrom Sicily, my teer": and had then slipped away to "dance decently and in order somewhere among our own flesh and blood—what?" And it all began like that, quite four months ago.

Her name is Constance. But he calls her Zoe. He asked permission to do so that very first night, about 3 a.m., at

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

the "Purple Patch," while they were drinking an unknown champagne (except to the Neapolitan proprietor) at £2, out of ginger-beer tumblers.

"Zokins, darling," he is saying now, as the busy *maître d'hôtel* of "The Crypt" masks his turgid impatience under that sunny Italian smile of his, "are you hungry? What are you going to eat? Personally, having looked at you for about three hours in a crowded theatre, I am merely intolerably thirsty." And he gives a concise and rapid order.

Dancing women swing by and bow to him, coldly for the most part. A few look through his shirt front as if the rose-pink upholstery of the seat only was there. One or two men glance over the heads of their oblivious partners and raise interrogative and highly interested eyebrows; thoroughly sympathetic and understanding eyebrows which say as plainly as any spoken words, "What, *another?* You old dog. Well, I'm damned! Cheerio, anyway."

She sees nobody. Except him. When she looks round the room, as every woman *must* look round a dance room, whatever her internal tumult, she is seeing through a glass darkly. It is only with him she is so deliciously face to face. With him, on the other hand, everything matters. This is *the* place. He is thoroughly enjoying himself. She believes every word he says, now. She is extremely good to look upon; and that whateveryoucallit frock cost a pony if it cost a penny. She has got no soul-clogging encumbrances about her either, like an investigating husband ("Yes, once upon a time, dearest, but we won't go into that, please—urgh!" A quick shudder) or a waiting-up mother. Oh, yes, Zoë is the woman for him, every time.

Or was. . . . But our butterfly is now circling round yet another flower, lovelier than the last, whom he has forgotten. All this was "ages ago." Last winter, in fact. If, as sometimes happens, the eyebrow-lifting idiot inquires tactlessly, "How is that pretty little Mrs. Whatsername, *you* know?" his question is received with a slightly hostile stare and the cold reply, "Not the faintest idea, ol' man; have a drink."

We hardly ever hear her point of view about butterflies in general, and this one in particular. Some of the women have heard a bit. Presumably the ones who stare clean through the shirt fronts have heard the most. E. P. L.-B.

A FARCE is to be produced the plot of which centres round a camisole. That, at least, ought to be over our flappers' heads.

. . . . . .

FROM a provincial paper:—"The meeting ended in a free fight, but it was really only a storm in a toe-cap." Yes; but a toe-cap, scientifically applied, is a painful affair.

. . . . . .

AN optimistic journalist writes: "Spring's in the air." He must have been watching a pedestrian trying to avoid a motor car.

. . . . . .

A SPORTSMAN says that women should never be taken on deer-stalking expeditions:—

A little deer-stalking is excellent fun,
Provided the sport is a masculine one;
For it hampers the hunter who finds it most baulking,
When a stag is in view, and a little dear's talking!

TOO MANY WIVES SPOIL THE AVOWAL

An amusing scene from the Forum Theatre Guild's first production, "Cocks and Hens," at the Royalty Theatre. Professor Boomer (Ernest Thesiger) is interrupted in his love making to Mrs. Cox (Hilda Trevelyan), seen on the left, by the arrival of his first wife (Ella Daincourt)

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Dying; while from the distance we hear melodies of another kind, which clearly suggest that a considerable portion of the people have decided to get drunk instead. Elizabeth Bedale weeps at the thought that she will never see her sweetheart again, while young Mr. Morris Bedale, who has artistic leanings, deplores the fact that Rome will have been wiped out before he has had time to inspect it, a compliment that I feel sure Rome will appreciate.

in the play he realises something of the truth of these amiable platitudes. Meanwhile he turns his attention to Miss Elizabeth. The progress of his love-making is as jumpy as the rest of the play. Once, in the drawing-room, he seizes Elizabeth and kisses her nicely and lengthily in the approved Cave-man style. Elizabeth calls him a "cad" and breaks away; but the little difference between them is made up in the last Act.

betraying a confidence when I admit that the Blue Comet does not hit the Earth after all, as otherwise we should have heard of it by this time. A good deal of the dialogue is brisk and lively, though here and there it turns upon the Increasing Purpose with a greater freedom than the orthodox may relish. The play is finely acted by an excellent company, but it seems to me too discursive for the general taste. If it has any cryptic message for the times I can only deplore the fact that its meaning has escaped me. JINGLE.

So far the Blue Comet has not been unduly prominent. It has been kept before us chiefly by the family butler (an excellent performance by Mr. Eliot Makeham), who lives in mortal fear of what will happen if the Comet should bump into the Earth, as the astronomers have predicted. But at this point we abandon the complexities of the family's domestic finance, and the romance of Christopher and Elizabeth, and concentrate on the expected catastrophe, the section of the plot which occupies the whole of the last Act. Christopher is quite indifferent about the collision. After all, if it happens it is clearly not in his power to prevent it, so why worry? Colonel Bedale has no doubt whatever of the impending finish of this terrestrial sphere and only expresses the very proper hope that the English, at least, will face the trouble like gentlemen.

Lenare

A CELESTIAL SPECIAL

The Bedale family study the stop press, not to find a winner, but to discover how near the fatal Blue Comet is to Mother Earth

The comedy has suddenly become a tragedy. The sky is ominously darkened, doubtless by the swishing of the Comet's million-mile tail, and we are called upon to note the general behaviour of ordinary people facing impending annihilation. The family butler, having tried the old port in the cellar without any noticeable advantage, goes off his head. From the church in the background come the strains of a familiar hymn, which is being rendered doubtless by disciples of Dr. Jeremy Taylor with his plea for Holy

The solemn moment is very near now. The dark sky becomes light, and then dark again, and Mr. Nicholas begins to preach and sentimentalise. Something of an anti-climax is provided by the Colonel who, believing himself face to face with death, puts on his old uniform, with sword and medals complete, and stands at attention waiting for the burst. This rather fine attitude is interpreted as supplying the comic relief of the scene, which culminates when Aunt Jane expresses the motherly hope that the Colonel took care to see that his uniform was properly aired before he put it on. I do not think I am

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

"HANDS off China" is the latest slogan. We hope parlourmaids will take notice.

. . . . .

AT this season of the year, when colds are prevalent, the one society to avoid is the Coughblowers.

. . . . .

HOUSEWIVES will now take care that we get a sprinkling of spring clean stories.

. . . .

A MAN in Wardour Street last week slipped and fell on a bag of nails. He must now know what getting down to brass tacks means.

. . . .

THERE is actually a Draughts Club in Oxford. Soon we shall hear undergraduates referring to their halma mater.

. . . .

A WRITER says that a camel can go for a week without water. And if whisky ever gets cheaper, a good many Englishmen will be able to.

. . . .

A GOSSIP writer says that Mr. Gladstone wore quaintly-cut trousers. Is this an allusion to the famous Gladstone bags?

. . . .

An actor I know had the shocks of his
Life when his wife tore some locks off his
Shiny, black poll,
Till he looked like a doll;
And now he's no use to the Box Office!

BLOWING OFF FROTH

Should your wifie come down like a mad Hurricane,
Which at times devastates the wild regions of Spain,
If her language be strong as those stormy Tornadoes
That afflict the inhabitants of the Barbados;
If, in short, to a Cloudburst *she gets by degrees,*
And refuses to purr like a Whispering Breeze,
Be calm: do not swear at her: show you're the master,
And tell her that you are a Blower—*or* Blaster!

. . . . .

A MEMBER of a London club complains that his fellow members are continually discussing their ailments. Such organ recitals are deplorable.

. . . . .

MANY people are already planning their Easter holidays. It is just as well to be prepared for the burst.

ANSWER to correspondent:—We are unable to trace the quotation, "My legs are ruddy but unbowed."

. . . .

A YOUTH was recently dismissed from a gramophone factory. His employer declared he had broken all records.

. . . . .

A REVUE actress recently complained that the word "And" did not immediately precede her name on certain advertisements. This slight of "and" trick seems to have annoyed her.

. . . . .

IT is now said that Cleopatra had a vile temper. We have long wondered what it was that gave her the needle.

. . . . .

HARD court tennis is stated to be more popular than ever. Perhaps the mixed "doubles" at the pavilion bars may account for this.

. . . . .

SOME readers may like to recall the following little-known epitaph:—

Life's like an Inn wherein all travellers stay;
Some come for breakfast, and then go away:
Others for dinner wait, and are full-fed;
The oldest only sup, and then—to bed;
Long is his bill who lingers out the day—
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay!

. . . .

"UNCLE ME NO UNCLES"

The Children's Hour was glad and gay
In that not very distant day
When I would hurry home and brew
The schoolroom tea for Pam and Hugh,
Then settle down to romp and play.

Whatever modern folks may say,
I found that all was quite O.K.:
By George! I did look forward to
The Children's Hour

Now from a crude, loud-speaking stand,
There comes a raucous, radio din,
With strange new "Uncles" butting in;
And when The Children's Hour's at hand,
I only know it makes me and
The Children sour!

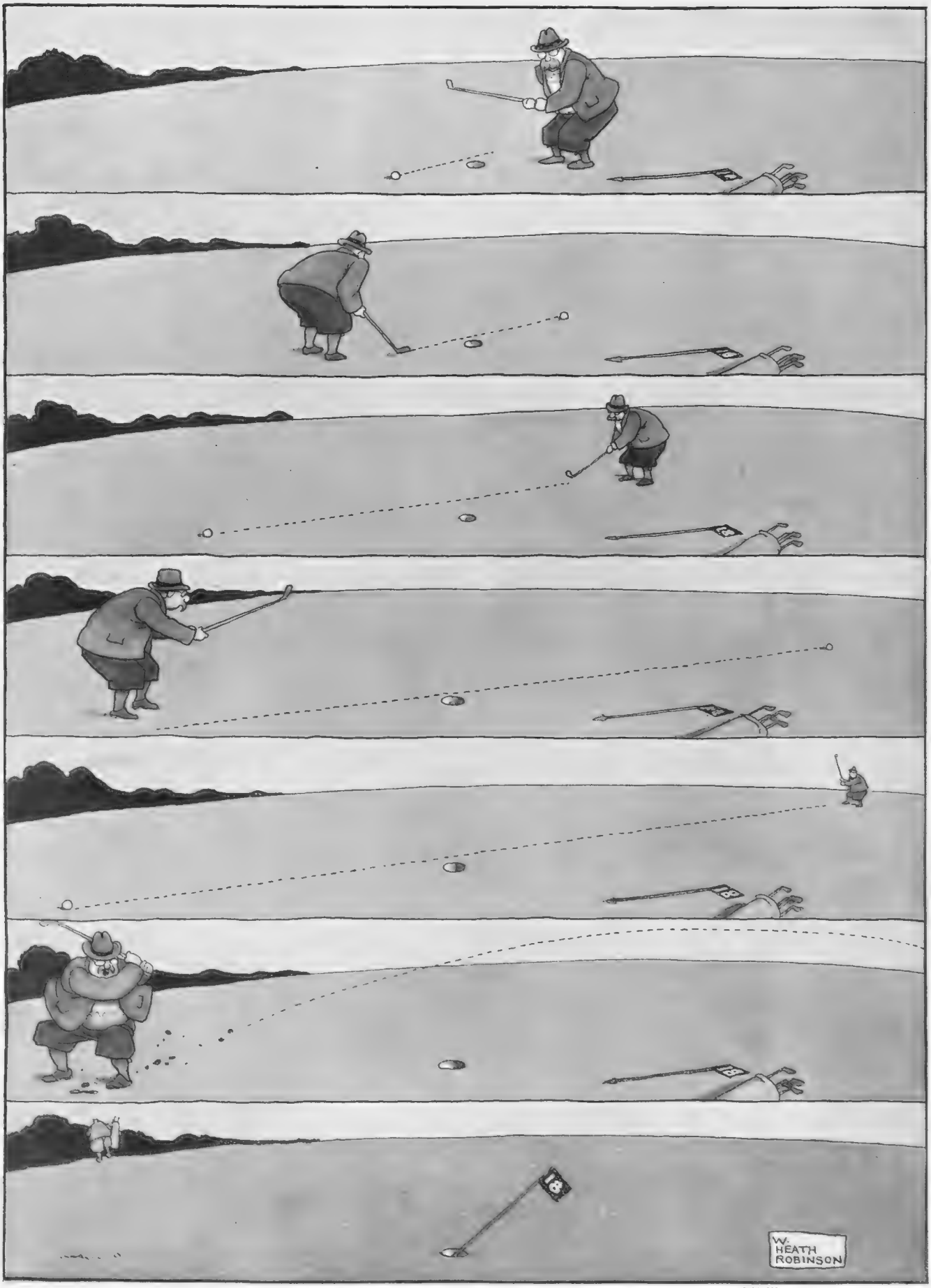
By STAN TERRY

IN POOR SPIRITS

1ST GOLFER: "Rather weak whisky, what?"

2ND GOLFER: "Yes—taxed beyond its strength!"

The Last Hole



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Proving that the true golfer does indeed go from strength to strength!

UN" TIME "LY By Graham Simmons

Mrs. De Smythe: "Now I want you to save me an extra supply of flowers next week. My daughter is coming out, you know"
Proprietress of Stall: "Yes, mum, I'll save her the very best, poor thing. Whatever was she put in for?"

The Midnight Gambit

By RICHARD LENNOX

As everyone knows, the British champion, Burokalowsky, won the chess championship and, with it, the thousand-guinea gold cup. That he lost the cup the following night does not, so the papers say, detract from the victory. Perhaps not, but it might explain it!

I'll not tell you how Hattablanca (white) opened with his famous Havana gambit; how Burokalowsky responded with the subtle Nijni-Novgorod counter-gambit; of the deep silence between each move (wireless fans remember these hours—so do the B.B.C. officials who had a night off); of how, at the adjournment, Hattablanca wiped his corrugated brow, retired to a secret chamber to decide and treble-seal his next move, came out and handed the asbestos-lined envelope to the president of the session, who locked it away in a burglar-proof safe; but I must tell you, then, of Burokalowsky.

When he got home he, very rightly, abjured his wife because she would talk bridge; disinherited his son for asking his assistance with a crossword puzzle; and retired to his bedroom to set out his chess-board and study the position of the game. (From the possible moves open to white he would select those which threatened danger and analyse them.) Unfortunately, he slowly realised, this particular position was such that white had a choice of fifty-three possible moves, half of which number were plausible; and that for him, Burokalowsky, to attempt analyses of them would land him in the grave—on the three score and ten time limit—or in the lunatic asylum! With a cry of despair he left the board, threw himself on his bed and sobbed himself into a nightmare of pawns, knights, castles, bishops, and dancing squares.

When he got up in the morning he scowled down at the chess-board, then gave a start. He remembered distinctly having left the position of the pieces exactly as at the adjourned state of the game; *yet now one piece, a white knight, was on a different square!*

Curiously enough, that knight's move was both a possible and a plausible one; and Burokalowsky felt it in his bones that it was Hattablanca's sealed move. At any rate—he had time—he sat down and proceeded to analyse possible complications supposing it were. At nine-thirty he was on his way to the tournament.

At ten a.m. precisely the president of the session broke the seal of the asbestos-lined envelope, and read out into the expectant silence: King's Knight to Queen four!

The chess fans drew a deep breath, Hattablanca corrugated his brow and took the move; but Burokalowsky smiled.

Two hours later the result of the game was flashed through the world. Burokalowsky had won!

In an interview immediately after the victory, he told the story—also broadcast—of how his terrific brain, working while he was asleep, worked out what must be Hattablanca's sealed move and had impelled him to get up in his sleep and move the piece.

At any rate, the now champion went home, forgave his wife and took his son to his bosom again. That night, if he did not take the gold cup to bed with him, he slept with it in his room.

The following morning the gold cup was gone!

. . . . .

"Well," said a certain gentleman of cat-climbing habits, when he and his chum were melting down the gold cup, "I reckon *I* won it, anyhow! When I got inter that room, night afore last, there wasn't a bob's worth in it. I nearly woke 'im up, tippin' over somethin' on the table. I seed it was only a bloomin' chess piece, and I puts it back again. It sorter comes nat'ral ter me ter leave things as I find 'em—w'en I don't take 'em away. I must 'ave put it back on the wrong square, an' the old fool thought 'e did it in 'is sleep!"

"The *right* square!" grinned his mate, who had also read the story.

BY LUNT ROBERTS

"STRING ACCOMPANIMENT"

BY BEVAN PETMAN

"PANDORA"

WHAT *IS* THIS GRAND NATIONAL?

ITS UNIQUE PLACE IN SPORT

By "CARBINE" *Sketches by "THE TOUT"*

WHAT *is* this Grand National of which everyone seems to be talking? More than one unsophisticated stranger may put that question this week. The simple reply is that it is the greatest sporting event of the year so far as racing is concerned. It serves much the same place in steeplechasing as the Derby does in flat-racing. Nay, in its own sphere it actually fills a more important position than the Derby, for if an owner misses winning the great Epsom race he may find consolation in winning the St. Leger. But if he fails to win the Grand National there is no other steeplechasing prize which can adequately console him. The race is four times as valuable as any other steeplechase in England. The owner of each competitor subscribes £100, and no less than £5000 is added by the Aintree race-course authorities.

W. W. Rouch

A NATIONAL FAVOURITE

Misconduct (W. Parvin up), a much fancied candidate. Mr. Gordon Selfridge is the owner

£8,000 for the Winner

THUS the lucky owner of the winner will receive something like £8000, and there are consolation prizes for the second, third, and fourth. The race has jumped to this value in comparatively recent years. But even when the stake was considerably smaller the contest was still unassailably supreme among National Hunt events. Instituted nearly ninety years ago, its fame soon became firmly established. The course is vastly stiffer than any other steeplechase course. No matter how brilliant a 'chaser may be elsewhere, his reputation is never complete until he has acquitted himself well over the Liverpool fences.

Round the Course

TO form a clear idea of the formidable nature of the track you should walk round the course one morning before racing. The exact distance of the race is 4 miles and 856 yards, and every fence has to be cleared twice except that at the water and the Open Ditch which immediately precedes it. The start takes place close to the stands, with 546 yards to be covered before the first fence is reached. This in itself is not a particularly menacing obstacle—just a thorn fence 4ft. 6in. high and 2ft. 9in. wide; yet one has seen many a fine jumper come down at this relatively innocent place.

At the First Fence

THE reason is that there is invariably a scamper to get a good berth at the first jump. As a result horses occasionally become "unsighted," and are into the fence before they really know where they are. I remember Poethlyn, who had won the race twelve months previously, coming a cropper at this first fence. Last year the heavily-backed Silvo met with exactly the same melancholy fate. We cannot stop, however, to reflect on the misfortunes of past favourites. We reach the second fence. This is a bit higher and wider than the first, but it is appreciably easier than the third fence, which is 5ft. high, 3ft. wide. On the take-off side is a ditch 6ft. wide, guarded in front by a rail of 1ft. 6in. And then, after two more plain fences, we have the notorious

(Continued on page 552)

FLOTSAM AND JETSA

Specially printed copies of this picture can be obtained fro

SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR "THE BYSTANDER" BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

AM OF THE NATIONAL

m The Sporting Gallery, 32 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Becher's Brook, which has certainly been painted and photographed more often than any other fence in the world. On the landing side there is a natural brook 5ft. 6in. wide, and the nasty drop on to *terra firma* upsets many a horse and jockey.

At the Canal Turn

THE "Canal Turn" fence is just as productive of grief as Becher's. Here the course twists sharply to the left, so jockeys endeavour to clear the fence at an angle in order to save ground. Sometimes dire confusion results from this manœuvre. The next jump is Valentine's Brook, much the same sort of jump as Becher's, with another nasty drop. By the time this fence is cleared the big field which started has been considerably thinned. The water jump is right in front of the county stand, so with a close-up view the bulk of the colossal crowd gets its greatest thrill of the race. Naturally, the pace slackens a little during the second round of the course. When the survivors get over Valentine's again the issue, as a rule, is confined to the two or three which are heading the field. But not until the thirtieth and last jump has been cleared can you be reasonably certain of the result of this wonderful race. Last season sixteen out of thirty starters completed the course, this being well above the average number of horses that get round.

SPRIG W. W. Rouch

Another popular entry of whom much is expected. Sprig's training is in the able hands of Tom Leader

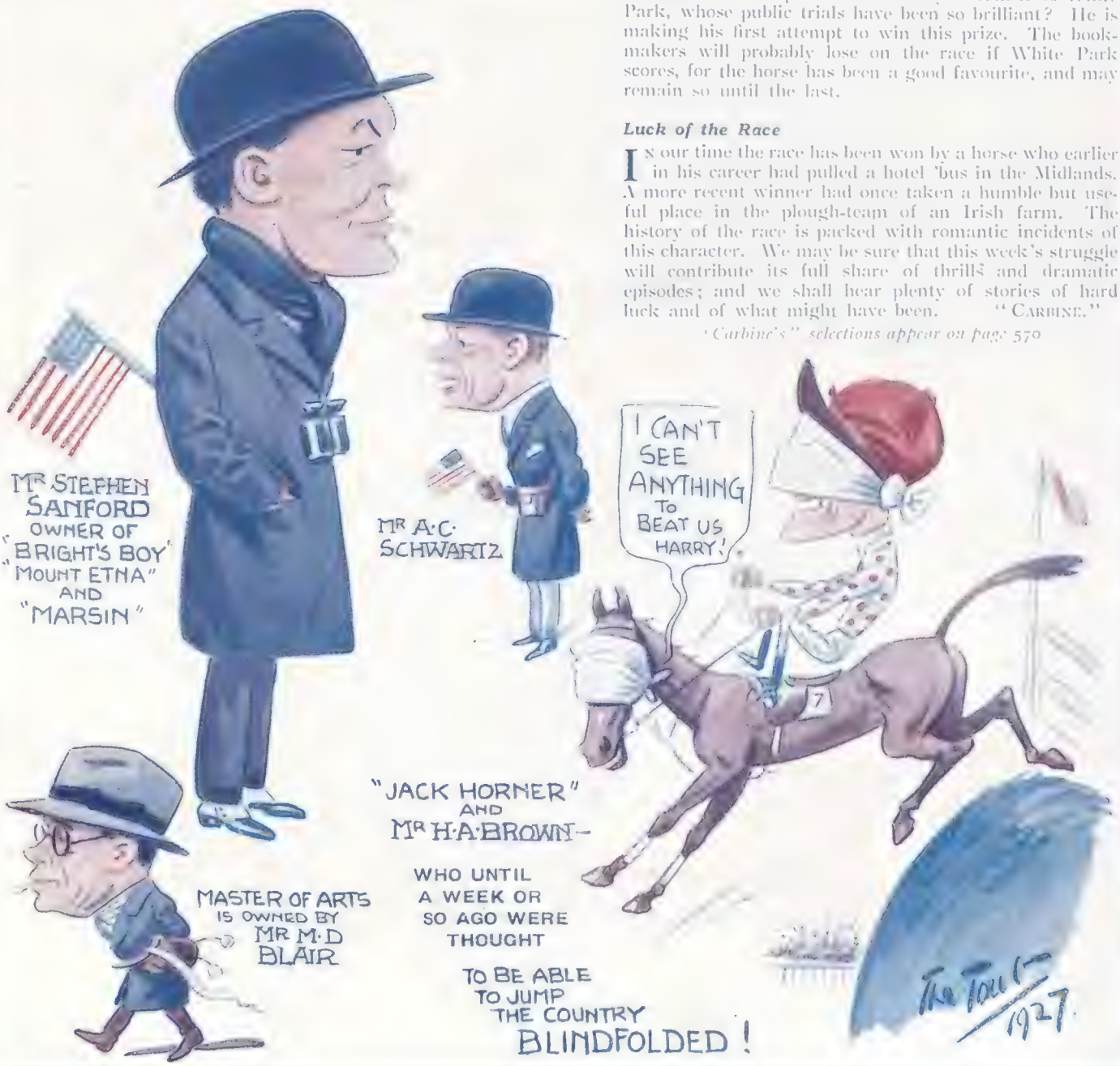
Enthusiasm

WHAT a reception awaits the winner when he returns to the paddock! It seems to make little difference whether he was a fancied candidate or a long-priced outsider. The crowd is always ready to cheer the winner, his jockey, his trainer, and his owner. As a scene of spontaneous enthusiasm it is unequalled in English racing. Which horse is likely to be the centre of the wild plaudits on Friday? Will it be White Park, whose public trials have been so brilliant? He is making his first attempt to win this prize. The bookmakers will probably lose on the race if White Park scores, for the horse has been a good favourite, and may remain so until the last.

Luck of the Race

IN our time the race has been won by a horse who earlier in his career had pulled a hotel 'bus in the Midlands. A more recent winner had once taken a humble but useful place in the plough-team of an Irish farm. The history of the race is packed with romantic incidents of this character. We may be sure that this week's struggle will contribute its full share of thrills and dramatic episodes; and we shall hear plenty of stories of hard luck and of what might have been. "CARBINE."

"Carbine's" selections appear on page 570



His True Love . . . !

From the time a young man smokes his first real pipe, he crosses the threshold of what is sometimes a life-long search—the quest of the ideal. From mixture to flake and back again to mixture, brand after brand, this blend and that blend—all are explored and sampled with the keenness and avidity of youthful enthusiasm. And all the time his "taste" is being formed and moulded—his judgment is ripening.

It is only when he comes to Craven—the tobacco de luxe of this generation—that he feels his quest has ended. That he has discovered the fragrant mixture which will give him a lifetime of cool, peace bestowing pipe comfort—his true smoking love at long last. *Sir James Barrie was so enthusiastic that he immortalised its superior charms as "A Tobacco to Live For."*

craven

MIXTURE TOBACCO

Have You Tried Double Broad Cut?

Always behaves its best—no derangement of the original blending.

PLAYER'S

Plain or tipped with cork of pure natural growth

10 for 6D.
20 for 11½D.
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P. 1383

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

GLOBE AND OTHER TROTTINGS

By YOGO HAMA *Illustrations by OKUN INGAMAI*

"No sound impings our brooding ears but only the music of the spears"

MOST DEAR HON. BYSTANDERS—

I ARE more overwhelmed as an avalanche by the 1,000's of letters which have arrived from every ¼ of the globe offering congratules on my so epochal penetrations into Darkest Arabia and other trackless spots. "I cannot hesitate to doubt," writes Lord ——, "that you will achieve to become a more great traveller as the late Sir Colossus of Rhodes, who discovered the South Africans and other man-eating tribes and painted them red. You are depicting us an epic which should cause every Great Briton to burn with pride at." This are non-doubtlessly so, and I shall now produce you some more extractions from my Arabian diary.

Feb 2th. This are more awful voyaging as even Hon. Sir Christopher Columbia suffered when seeking to discover his patent non-collapsible egg. In less than five hours from leaving Tangier we ran out of *backsheesh* (Arabian for beer) and had to squench our thirsts with only water, which are a very pleasantless fluid and contains more non-nutriments to the sq. pint than any other. More often as 1-ce I thought I should peg out my ghost under this terrible afflicting and only my enormous grits pulled me through.

To make matters more bad as worse, on or about 2 p.m. I sighted a *backsheesh* or beer mirage in Lat. S.E. by E. It looked like as if 1,000's of bottles of beer were popping themselves out of the desert, so that I gave a hoop for joy and performed a tremendous sprinting towards same. But, alasly, they proved to be only spook beers and disappeared more swifter as magic before my imparched eyes. Ejaculing groans and other distresses, I staggered back to Hon. *caravanserai* (camel) more dead as alive. And thusly, for hr. after hr. we embattled our way across the frizing desert under a squenchless sun. (I shall now depict you the desert by night. This are very exquisite and pure prose-poem and should be read most perfectly in a dark room by starlights.)

Night has dropped. To the N.E.S and W are only sand and the mighty Trans-Arabian desert. O how peaceish and still it are like the balm of Galahad or other refreshing balsams. No sound impings our brooding ears but only the music of the spears, Hon. *caravanserai* eating his hump and Ally (guide person) performing snores. On top are the sky with all its 10's of 1,000's of scinttling stars more beautiful as electric lamps. Shush! The moon are rising above the hemispheres and now pendules himself in aforesaidly sky like a smallish balloon or other illuminated windbag. O how much better it are than to be in London or other wicked metropli where there are not any deserts but only carnal sins! Peace, silents and sand and the wind making moans on the bar. But hark! Dawn are breaking in the E and a roseish hue are suffusing itself like a virgin blush. The stars grow to become non-luminous, the moon are grown so pale as a dyspeptic and the sun comes up like a thunderbolt from Egypt over the way. Night has exited and another day has performed its dawning. (For song and musical rights of this so delicious nocturne, apply with cheque-book to Y.H. C/o Hon. Bystander.)

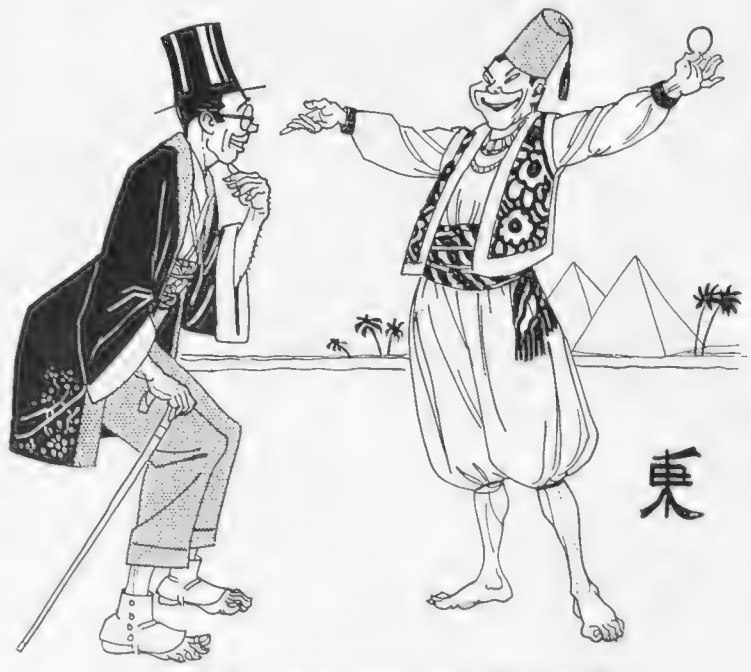
Feb 3st. At lastly the Chops' Pyramid (or Pyramid of Chops) has heaved in sight on the starboard bow W by S.W. As this are 1 of the 7th wonders of the world, I shall decant a

"The 1-st stone was laid by the so famous Queen of Sheba"

few historical facts *re* concerning same as per follows:

This so noted pyramid called the "Great Pyramid" because it are larger as the next largest, was put up to the order of King Pharaoh by Hon. Sir Chops, a celebrate building and contracting person on or about 3,900 B.C. It took more as several years to build and gave good employments to 1,000's of persons who otherwisely would have lived on the dole and gone to the dogs. The 1-st stone was laid by the so famous Queen Sheba because Hon. Pharaoh was suffering a distemper and non-able to leave his bed. Under saidly stone Hon. Sir Chops put a book of prognostics in the cuniform tongue. This was recovered not more recently as 2 or 3 years ago by Egypt-digging persons who succeeded to translate saidly cuniforms. These prognosed the Great War, Home Rule, Prohibition, Votes for Femns, the End of the World and other modern inventions. But perhapsly it should be more better if I now reproduced the words of Hon. guide.

"It are a most astonishing fact that the British inch and the Chops' inch are the same except for the so small difference of .0011, which proves to show that the Anglo-British are the Chosen Race and will go on living after the end of the world. Saidly end will imbust in 1939 according to Chops, because 3,900 B.C. divide by 2 are 1950, which minus 11 equals 1939 A.D. It are by these so marvellous calculatings that we have achieved to discover how Hon. Sir Chops made his parallelless prognostics which are entirely non-equalled by any other prognoser. Permit I should show you the bracelet worn by Hon. Queen Sheba when she laid the 1-st stone of this so historic pile."



"Permit I should show you the bracelet worn by Hon. Queen Sheba"

Hon. guide produced me a smallish bracelet which, he informed, had been found in the tomb of saidly Queen Sheba and was more rare as a dodo.

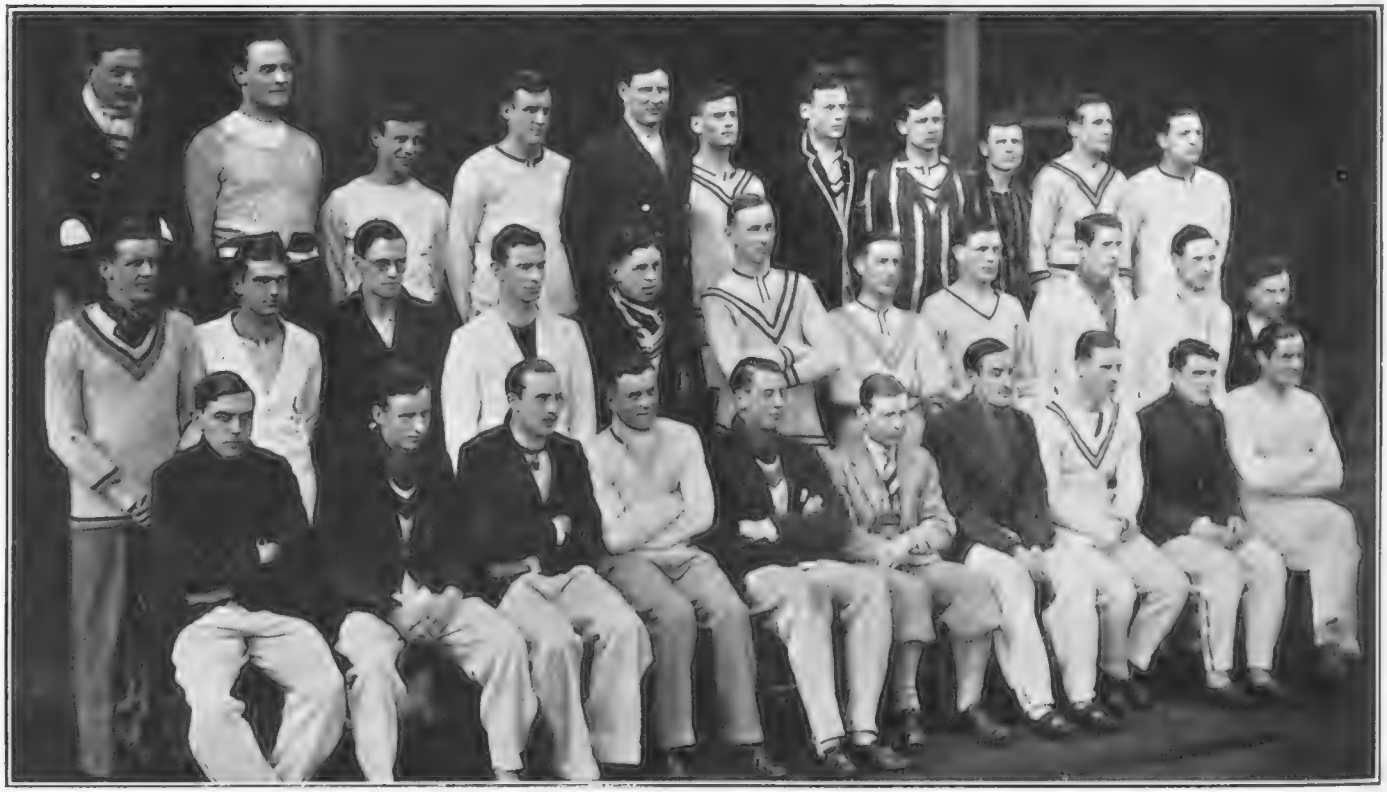
"How wonderful it are," I bemoaned weepishly, "to think this so fragile trinket 1-ce graced the fickle arm that rounded the necks of Hon. J. Caesar and Hon. M. Antony. Alasly, how abreviate are our lifes, how longish our arts!"

"Those so beautiful words prove to show you have a very romantic soul and noble face," said Hon. guide. "Because of it I will let you have for the paltrish sum of 5£ this so exquisite relict of the past."

I made purchase Hon. bracelet and when cleaning same 2 or 3 days after, succeeded to make a very epochal discovery which I cannot doubt to believe will cause awful convulsions among Egyptologers and other history persons. For inside saidly bracelet I found the words "Made in Birmingham."

This disputelessly proves that even so early as 3,900 B.C. this noted city was doing goodish exportings with the Egyptians. Not any the less, I should greatly like to know who gave this bracelet to Hon. Queen Sheba.

Yogo Hama



ATHLETICS AT OXFORD

L. N. A.

The combined teams of Oxford University and the London Athletic Club who met recently. The weather was far from favourable and no particularly notable performance was put up during the contest, which Oxford won by 8½ points to 2½

A "Touching" Picture

Tom Aitken

MISS JOAN DARE

Who is appearing in "Queen High" at the Queen's Theatre, is a very accomplished dancer. It is to be hoped that, in congratulating her on the great feat seen above, no one will imagine that any ambiguity is intended—because it is not!

In the Saddle and Round the

Special Press

IN THE JUDGE'S "BOX"

The Earl of Orkney, the judge, on duty in his improvised box at the R.A.F. Point-to-Point at Kimble. The party includes Lady Mary FitzMaurice, Air-Marshal F. R. Scarlett, Mrs. Scarlett and Mrs. Longmore

Photo Illus.

DOWN IN SUSSEX

Lady Camden (left) and her daughter, Lady Irene Cubitt, on their way to the paddock. The photograph was taken at Southdown Foxhounds' Bona-Fide Hunt meeting at Ringmer

Sport and General

A WILTSHIRE WINNER

Miss L. St. Maur with her horse, Bron, after winning the Ladies' (Adjacent Hunts) Race at the South and West Wilts Point-to-Point meeting. It took place at Kingston Deverill

Ian Smith

AMONG THE BYSTANDERS

Four of those who witnessed the recent Point-to-Point races of the 13/18th Hussars at Marchbank, Balerno, the Scottish estate of Mrs. Ellis. The photograph shows Capt. Fairfax Lucy, the Hon. Jean and the Hon. Marjory Scott and Miss Ewing

Course at some Notable Meetings

Central News

WITH THE OXFORD DRAG

Lt.-Colonel N. V. Blacker taking a jump on Mrs. Shakespeare's Gay Lad in the Oxford University Drag Hounds Trial of Hunters. This was held recently at Middleton Stoney, near Bicester

Alfieri

A SOUTHERN POINT-TO-POINT

Miss B. Shaw, on Ronald, at the recent Point-to-Point meeting of the South and West Wilts. This was held at Kingston Deverill

Central News

WELL OVER, SIR!

Mr. G. C. Gold, on Rainbow, photographed during the Local Hunts Class at the Oxford Drag Trials. A demonstration of the forward and backward seat was given at this meeting, and competitors had to ride over a mile of country which included ten fences

Central Press

WHEN SPRING COMES TO LONDON TOWN

Dismal weather prophets and pessimists notwithstanding, Spring has made her first shy bow. The crocuses are out again and Kensington Gardens, always the happy hunting ground of childhood, are now doubly attractive in their bright and ever-changing robes

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

"Can-can high-kicker"

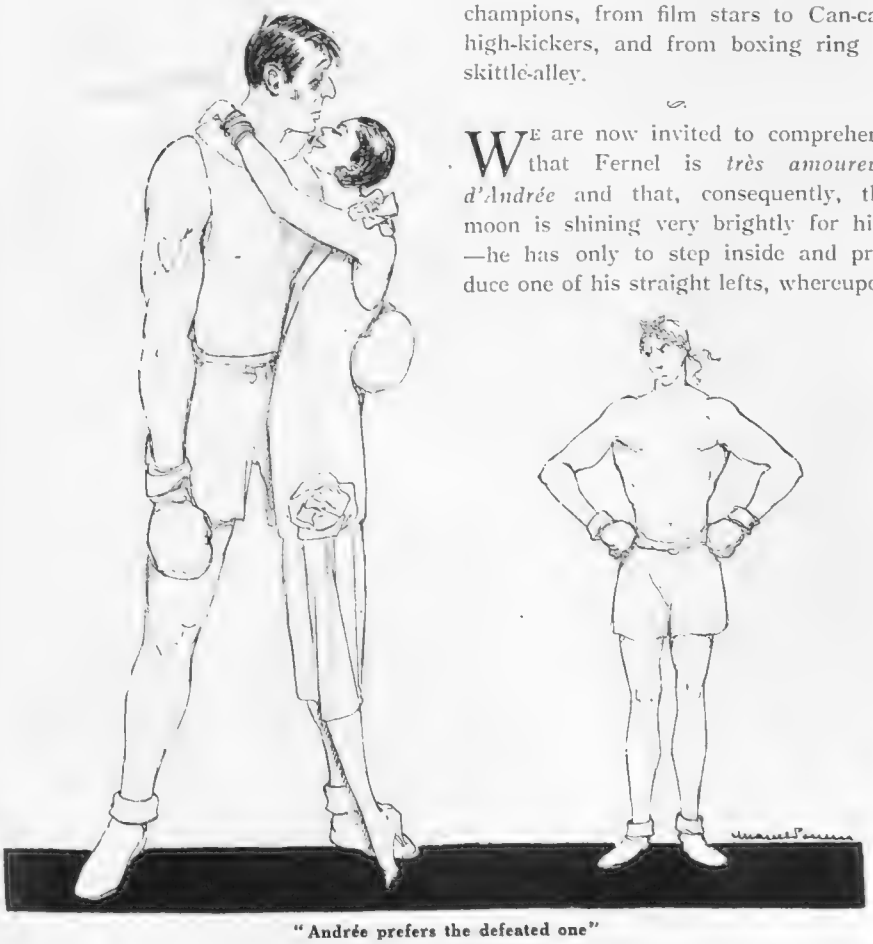
MES AMIS,

I HAVE come to the conclusion that theatre managers are deserving of more sympathy than I had hitherto imagined. So frequently are they blamed for refusing pieces which have subsequently proved to be immensely successful, financially as well as technically, that one had a tendency to accept the reports that they did not read half the manuscripts submitted to them. But a recent production in Paris has jolted this impression. Now, one is led to the belief that managers must be at a complete loss for a standard and must be forced into pure guesswork as to what is, or is not, likely to meet public taste.

THE reflections are provoked by *Knock-Out,* by Jacques Natanson and Jacques Téry, which has just been presented at the Théâtre Edouard VII, a house at which we are accustomed to rejoice over the easy wit and finish of Sacha Guitry. I may be wrong, yet I cannot help feeling that if *Knock-Out* had been imported from England it would have been decried as a typical piece of English sentimentalism. That does not imply that the play has been acclaimed because the authors are Parisians. It has not. It is praised on its points as a play. But to me it appears as very similar "mush" to the *Rosary* and, had I been asked for an opinion on the manuscript, I should have thought it just as little likely to appeal to Parisians.

HOWEVER, the best thing is to tell the story and let you form your own conclusions. It starts outside a boxing booth, where self-confident amateurs are invited to roll-up and tackle Pascal, the proprietor, a *costaud* of terrifying bulk. There are no candidates for sacrifice till Pascal's wife, Andrée, singles out for her attentions a *distingué* young fellow in a dinner-jacket. How *provocante* is Andrée needs no telling, as Andrée is the feline Spinelly. She confides to the *distingué* one that she goes to the winner. She is unaware, as is everyone else—for the purposes of the play—that he is Robert Fernel, champion of Europe, all categories. Incognito, very! This requires a lot of gulping down in these days of publicity agents for all champions, from film stars to Can-can high-kickers, and from boxing ring to skittle-alley.

WE are now invited to comprehend that Fernel is *très amoureux d'Andrée* and that, consequently, the moon is shining very brightly for him—he has only to step inside and produce one of his straight lefts, whereupon Pascal will be *hors de combat* and the girl is his. But Fernel, as hinted, had been dining out, and Pascal gets his blow in first. This knock-out seems to have ended all chance of capturing Andrée—and there is more. A prospective Descamps in the audience undertakes the managership of the promising Pascal, and in six months he is tackling Fernel for his championship belts. No incognito this time, but in full limelight.



"Andrée prefers the defeated one"

FERNEL, in training now, is confident of victory, and the *aguichante* Andrée glides in again with promises. The champion boxes well for three rounds, but in the fourth he "lets up" a moment to think of her, and thus he ceases to be a champion, the rugged Pascal having crashed in on the open invitation. Fernel concludes it is really all over this time, but it appears that Andrée prefers the defeated one, so Fernel finds consolation for his boxing failure in *sa tendresse. Et voilà.* And *ohé, ohé!* And several more of similarly expressive comments. I should like to see the authors try to "put this over" in Rotherhithe or Rotherham.

IN an entirely different atmosphere of "probability" and sureness of touch Somerset Maugham has obtained in Paris with *Rain,* a success which must be particularly pleasing to him, a Parisian himself. Before it was produced numbers of qualified people declared that the title *Pluie* was

enough to kill any play in advance, but they all generously admitted afterwards that the piece had too powerful a grip to be affected by incidentals. It must be mentioned that it is exceptionally finely presented by Firmin Gemier, the manager of the Odéon.

S

IT would be a waste of time to tell you anything about *Rain*, seeing that it has been running for so long in England, but it may be interesting to know how it came to Paris, Mr. Maugham's family connections with the city having nothing to do with it. Mlle. Jane Marnac read it as a short story, and was so impressed that she would not rest till it had been done into French as a play. Mlle. Marnac had to be very persistent in order to get the necessary people to believe in advance that *Pluie* might be acceptable to Paris audiences, but she has now the satisfaction of knowing that as Sadie she has obtained one of the finest triumphs of her career.

S

SOON is will be unnecessary for us to go to London to see English plays; they are becoming so fashionable here. That Paris is borrowing from London is some consolation for the amount of theatrical material which London is borrowing from New York. Along with Somerset Maugham we have Mr. Bernard Shaw again. It was obvious that, after the immense popularity of *Sainte Jeanne*, there would have to be a Shavian successor at the Théâtre des Arts, but it is doubtful if *La Grande Catherine* will have anything like such a wide appeal.

"Which are terrifying"

'How *provocante* is Andrée"

S

THERE is one supplementary delight, however, which unfailingly accompanies the production of a Shaw play in Paris. That is the enjoyable reading provided by the critics. Somehow they are quite unable to get at grips with the author. It would be an exaggeration to say that they like him, and it would probably be rather bold to say they understand him, speaking generally, but in many cases they are certainly afraid of him. They resent his easy manners in dealing with historical personages, and have an unmistakable fear that whatever French great ones he may deal with he will treat as equals—or inferiors.

S

SAYS one shocked critic, "He installs himself in History as if *at home*. *Il y fait des dégâts*. He is familiar. On the great dead he has his own ideas, often false, but he expresses them with a force and a verve which are terrifying. One trembles in thinking of all the sacrilege of which the pride of Bernard Shaw is capable."

S

WELL, it is an achievement of a kind to make the critics tremble. I cannot think of any local playwright who is able to do it; not even M. Clement Vautel, who so frequently exercises his verve and a very mordant pen at their expense. RENÉ.

DISTRESSED!

By ANGUS CROLL

HE found the derelict lying at full length on a secluded seat in the park, and obviously out of a job. Pityingly, the man gazed upon the bent and twisted form, and reflected on the varying waves of fortune that had brought a one-time darling of the public to such a sorry plight.

It was common knowledge that this poor castaway had been at the very head of the woman's movement for a number of years, but gradually they had grown tired of him, until finally the polls had decided his defeat. From the position of prime favourite, he suffered banishment into outer darkness, whence womankind hoped he would never reappear to remind them of past glories.

Looking closer at the recumbent form, the man was surprised to notice its healthy bronzed appearance, due, no doubt, to long exposure to wind and weather. "His must be an iron constitution," he murmured, remembering that those who receive all the pity are often the most wiry in build.

The poor wretch on the seat looked as if he had never eaten a square meal in his life, and the man felt that for humanity's sake he could not leave him lying there.

So he picked up the hairpin and unstopped his pipe with it.

A Foursome from Various Courses

Photographs

THE HOME PAIR

Mrs. Brindle and Miss Cecil Leitch, who represented the home club in the London Ladies' Foursomes on the new course at Addington. They were beaten in the semi-final by North Hants

RETURNING TO THE CLUBHOUSE

Miss Joyce Wethered and Mrs. R. L. Kennedy, the Worplesdon entrants, in the Ladies' Foursomes. In the final they beat North Hants at the 22nd hole

Sport and General

A PARLIAMENTARY DEFEAT

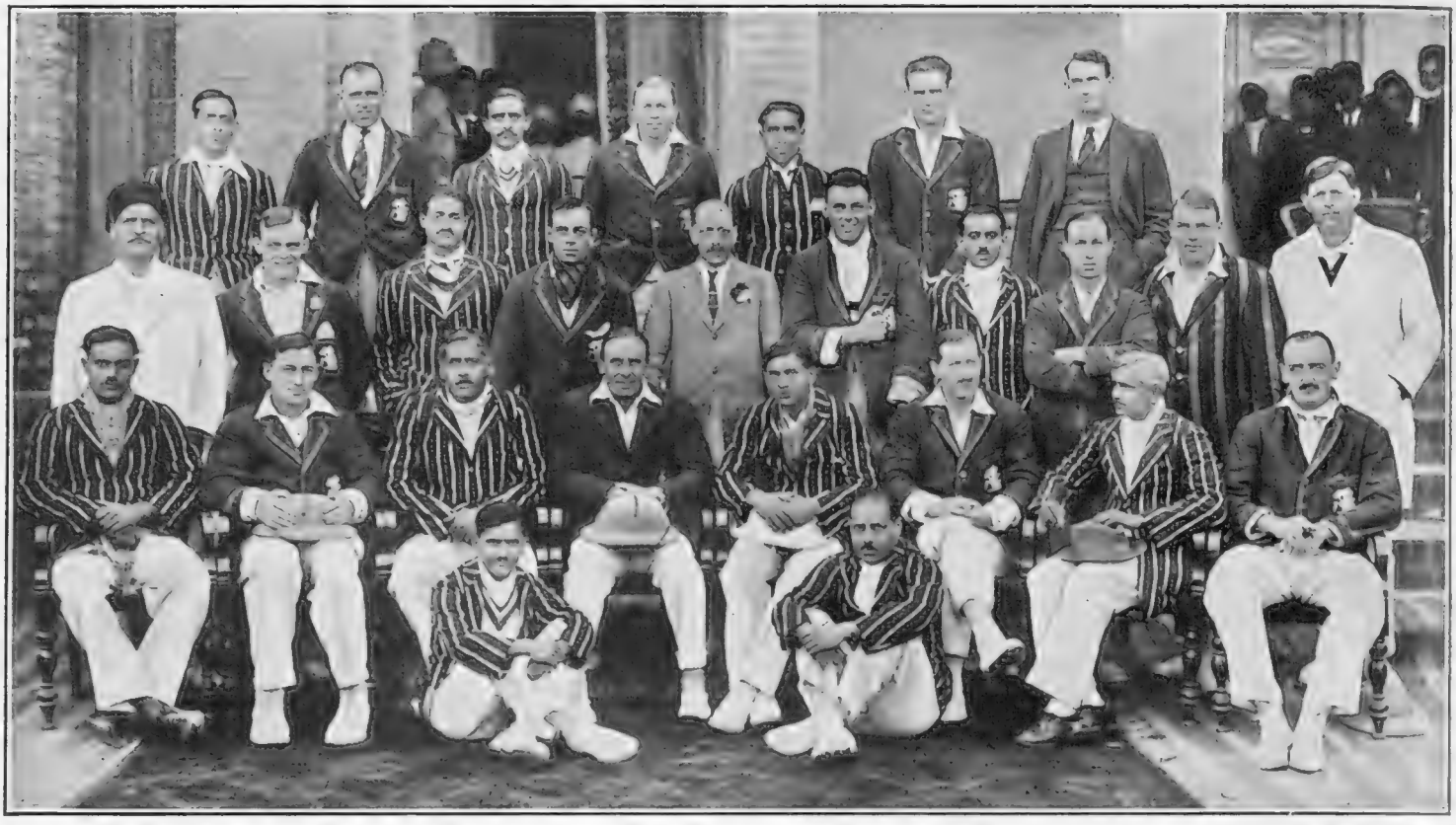
The House of Commons suffered a defeat recently at the hands of Sandy Lodge Golf Club. The photograph shows Mr. J. Stanley Wise (Sandy Lodge) with Sir Herbert Cayzer, M.P.

A NEW GOLFING SOCIETY

G. P. U.

A group taken at the first match of the Senior Golfing Society at Rye, when this newly formed Society beat Captain Oliver Lyttelton's team in four-ball matches and foursomes by six matches to three on the day's play. Membership of the Senior Society is limited to golfers over 55 years of age, and Lord Balfour is President. In their first match they have shown every sign of keeping the younger generation in its proper place—on the links at all events

Playtime in the World of Sport



Sport and General

ANOTHER STAGE IN THE TOUR

The team of the M.C.C. with that of Aligarh University, whom they met in the course of their tour of India. The M.C.C. scored 197 against the University in the first innings, finally beating them by 14 runs

Sport and General

UP AND OVER

L. F. York winning the High Jump in the Eton Sports, which were held, as usual, on the School Field. He cleared 5ft. 2½in.

Sport & General

HIGH ART

A photograph of Miss Kathleen Shaw very much in action at the Ice Club. She was first in the Figure Skating Championship of Great Britain in the International Style for Ladies

Sport and General

A CLOSE FINISH

Lord John Hope beating G. Campbell-Preston in the first heat of the Junior Quarter Mile at Eton. The winner got home first by a matter of inches

"Lady Day" Ashore and Afloat

Central Press
THE CAMBRIDGE (NEWNHAM) CREW

Central News
MISS C. S. JORIS, THE OXFORD CAPTAIN (left)

Central News
MISS W. K. LEVERTON, CAPTAIN OF CAMBRIDGE (right)

Sport and General

THAT WINNING LOOK

The team of the All England Women's Hockey Association wearing anticipatory smiles of victory before their match with Scotland at Merton Abbey. They won 5—0

I. B.

THE VICTORIOUS OXFORD CREW

The four photographs above record another feminine invasion into the realms of sport. The first women's boat race between Oxford and Cambridge was rowed on the Isis last week, Oxford winning. The crews took the water separately, and rowed from the Free Ferry at the top of Iffley Reach to the Keble barge and back, points being given for style down-stream and for speed up-stream

RUGGER REACTIONS

By "PENDARVES" *Sketches by MAC*

A NEW ENGLISH CAP

W. E. Pratten, of Blackheath, who played in the English scrum against Scotland last Saturday. He is a fine, bustling forward and is always well up with the game

VERY "COUNTY"

Not for twenty-three years have raucous voices been heard to shout sarcasms against Kent on that hallowed Blackheath ground. It was most indelicate and really rather dreadful. You see, "The Club" is, after all, the Blackheath Rugby Football Club, of hallowed memory, great age, tremendous dignity, and an impregnable conservatism. And when the County of Kent parades in its dark blue vest with the White Horse of Kent (nothing whatever to do with whisky) on the left breast, it is virtually Blackheath to all intents and purposes. And when "The Club" has any football matter to attend to, grave people of the County persuasion come in cars to support with their suave presences, the Club gentlemen at the moment changing in the old-fashioned pavilion on the other side of the sacred ground.

Wherefore, upon a certain day there appear, from God knows where, several bulbous and beastly char-a-bancs, travel-stained and packed with aggressive individuals wearing red, white, and green rosettes (ugh!), who climb down and then climb up into the stand, and sit therein, in platoons, noisily demonstrative and intent upon the downfall of Kent. What *are* we coming to? . . .

For Kent, which, as I say, means Blackheath of course, had got to play Leicestershire in the final of the County Championship. And, curiously enough, this year, as in most others, Leicestershire means virtually the Leicester Rugger Club. For as Blackheath is to Kent football, so are "The Tigers" to Leicestershire. More so, in fact, for on this grim and embarrassing occasion the whole of the Leicestershire side was picked from that Midland club; whereas, in actual *fact,* there were only six "Club" members playing for Kent—the other nine fellows having been honoured with invitations were from quite decent sort of clubs (with a small c) elsewhere about the metropolis; p l a c e s like Twickenham, Richmond, and so on. Another trying moment arrived before the game when "The County" found that their black and red season tickets were turned down on presentation at the gates as being "no good to-day." No *good*: on their own ground: and five bob to pay in their own Stand: "Well, really, 'pon my soul—what?" . . . Not even were "The Press" allowed to stroll in at the last moment, wearing the bored expression peculiar to their genius and heavy responsibilities. They were turned back and told to "apply at the office"—whatever that meant. A most unusual and regrettable afternoon, what with these reactionary methods and the rain and one thing and another.

A "CANNY MON"

H. Waddell, Scotland's wily fly half, who played against England at Murrayfield last Saturday. Waddell is one of the many geniuses who have sprung from the Glasgow Academicals

All went *fairly* well until half-time, with an unconverted try to Kent and a penalty goal to Leicestershire. Then some member of one of the foreign platoons yelled out across the staid stillness: "Now come on, Tigers; time we set about 'em." One or two of the older Club Men turned imperiously in the direction of this plebeian sound, eyes charged with horror and condemnation, in an effort to stay such unheard-of vulgarity. But it did not have the least effect. On the contrary, things went from bad to worse. A barracking set in. Would you believe it? I wouldn't if I hadn't been there. The Char-a-Banc Blighters actually began to tell Commander W. C. T. Eyres, an International, holding an important shore appointment at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, to "play the gaime." "High time all these Reds *were* cleared out: it is beginning to permeate even our football."

Worse was to follow. J. C. Hubbard, the Kentish full-back, finding discretion the better part of valour at the moment, touched down when he might have cleared with an unmolested kick. Consequently for the rest of the game, whenever this most gentlemanly player handled the ball in whatever part of the field, voices heavy with sarcasm begged him to "touch down—go on!" He did not mind in the least. But The County minded very much indeed. They had always imagined, from what they had *heard,* mark you, though, of course, they had never been to one, that sarcastic remarks from the crowd was a pastime indulged only at Soccer matches and suchlike.

However, relief from this nerve strain came in the fullness of time. Bryson, of the Air Force and Leicester, had a drop at goal charged down, which Kent converted into an immediate attack resulting in a score. Kent went on scoring after that, and came out of this distressing ordeal winners by the comfortable margin of 22 points to 12. And the spectators on both sides became more or less mollified, after the manner of their kind, during the last twenty minutes, by no less than five scores being registered by the two sides. You see, scoring provides excitement, and excitement covers a multitude of outraged feelings. Another very large crowd eventually dispersed. Some in the quietly luxurious limousine and some in the flamboyant "Bang." They looked at each other somewhat closely!

Some Athletic Kings at Queen's

BY MAC

Our caricaturist's impressions of some of those who "lead the strenuous life" at Oxford and Cambridge. The Inter-University Athletic Meeting takes place at Queen's Club next Saturday, March 26

IF I WERE CHANCELLOR—

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

Dancing at the Florida

LONDON, *March* 21.

DEAR COUSIN—,

POOR dear Winston *on dit* is getting simply terribly worried about his old Budget that's due to happen quite soon now, and no wonder. What with everything going up and up, in Whitehall, I mean—where we're paying positively millions more, they say, for half a Navy than we did for a whole one, and double price for our once more Shadow Army, and the world's highest for our Air Force which is the world's smallest. Perfectly marvellous, isn't it? and who says we're a nation of mere mercenary, businesslike shopkeepers now? I ask you.

卐

BUT, all the same, makes it just a bit 'ard for the poor dear Chanc. of the Exchequer, does not it? Who promised so faithfully he'd economise (not that promises matter much in politics, what?), and's been doing it rather like the woman in Mr. Collinson Owen's nice new novel, "Zero," who had £200 a year of her own and felt so nice and independent of her husband, and paid for all her own clothes and bridge debts and things—only she happened to pay it all out about ten times over each year before she'd finished.

Horrified at parsons smoking

And now he's been looking just frantically around, it seems, for fresh worlds to conquer and new things to tax, so he can make up his jolly little umpteen millions all right, and no poor dear Communist go without his dole—not that there's much danger of *that*, apparently, 'cause in all the things they've talked of no one's ever *seriously* suggested cutting that out, no real politician, anyway. . . . I wonder why. Some political reason, I suppose, and I never *was* good at politics.

卐

ALWAYS drinks and smokes and sugar and tea these Great Exchequer Minds seem to concentrate on every time, don't they, *and*, of course, theatres and the income-tax, which were always about to be going to have sixpence or so off—but, as aforementioned, these political promises are nice little things to have about the house, what? but just about as useful as a snowball in H——, as they say over the way. But why don't they think of something fresh and really helpful, that's what *I* want to know. I mean, there's simply thousands, not to say millions, of things positively asking and crying out to be taxed, and no one ever seems to do anything about it. Speeches, for instance—large non-entertainment tax on anyone who makes one at all to start with, and then doubled and trebled and so on if it goes on for ten minutes or more, in Parliament *and* out. Ditto sermons and . . . oh, yes, am sure they'd make simply tons and tons of money out of it, seeing as how speechmaking's such an ever so much more *clinging* vice even than drink, meseems, and's wrecked just as many happy homes, what's more.

卐

WHY not tax all the solemn and dreary things (and people) of this world, in fact, just for a change, instead of the poor little harmless luxuries like our cigarettes and cocktails and nice hot cup of tea. Tax the Duchesses and county people who think they can swank about in clothes of the year One just because they're Chosen Ones of the Earth, and patronising persons that sit on committees for reforming us in all sorts of ways (they'd pay up, certain sure, so's to go on having their names published). And lawyers who make any case last more than a day, and most Mayors and Councillors (*ex officio*), and anyone (at sight) who inflicts on us in public or private any of the World's Worst Clichés, *e.g.* and for instance, "When I was your age . . ." "These modern dances . . ." "I am not a prude, but . . ." etcet., and so on.

卐

TALKING about smokes reminds me there's a nice new solemn little affair simply asking to be taxed too—calls itself the National Society of Non-Smokers, and has its h.q. (not *altogether* inappropriately) in Balham with, mark you, great men like our nut-nurtured playwright, G.B.S., and Sir Flinders Petrie, the something-ologist, among the members thereof. Simply fearfully worried they are, it seems, about the way people are allowed to puff gaspers all over the place "nowadays" (see list of *clichés* above), and especially pained, shocked, and horrified at "the growth of the smoking habit among clergymen." Large green badges they're all going to wear with N.S.N.S. on them—so we'll know where *not* to borrow a match from, shan't we, dear Cousin? if we want a light in the train or anywhere. Are making out what they call a White List of restaurants and movie palaces where there's no smoking (what a hope!), also theatres—so don't think I'll recommend *them*, anyway, to go and see that rather delightful new show, *No Gentleman*, at the St. Martin's for one.

"I've made my book"

卐

WHERE on the stage, at any rate, there's simply clouds and clouds of rich pipe-smoke poured out to start with—it's in a third-class carriage, where Mr. Owen Nares is being (for once) a disagreeablish young man, and trying to smoke out Athene Seyler, who's butted in at the last moment with a first-class ticket, and calls him a brute, or words to that effect, because he won't stop, and so hatefully points out that, after all, it *is* a smoking compartment. Don't you love train-scenes on the stage, by the way? Complete with guards

and whistles and all the rest—and there are the duckiest telegraph posts that you can see racing past through the window, too, so you get all the feeling of being on the journey, as you might say, while seated in your more or less luxurious stall.

FINALLY describes him as a Woolworth cave-man, she does, which is rather nicely said, also about how every *mondaine* wants to acquire that you-be-damned air—but that all happens later on in the plot, which I won't tell you in case you want to go to the play and haven't read the morning papers. But talking about cave-man, methinks the cave-women win every time they like to try—which is, I suppose, being interpreted, the ones who know what they want and go straight for it, whatever happens, and never mind what they do. Rather like the Violet (she *would* be called that) in May Sinclair's *The Combined Maze* that the Repertory Players gave a play of at the Strand the other night.

"The cave-women win every time"

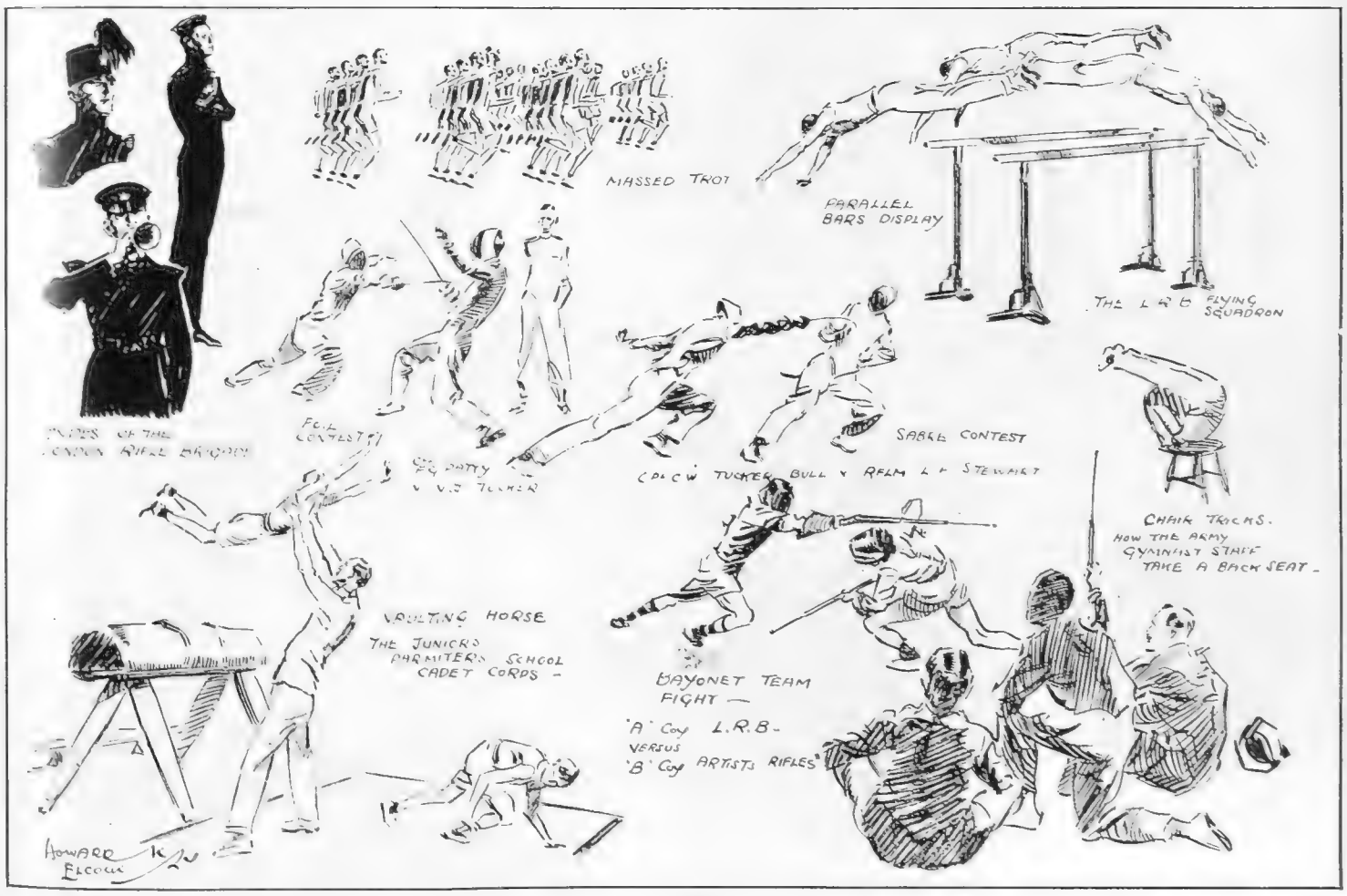
AFTER which shows, though, it's sometimes not altogether unpleasing to float away to the slightly freer and not less smart atmosphere of such clubs *de luxe* as still survive, and dance, *par exemple*, on the well-known glass floor of the Florida in Bruton Mews, with its lights that look up at you as well as down. Where, by the way, they had quite a celebration last week—a perfectly good anniversary of its opening, to wit—and it's a wise night club that sees its own anniversary, as the saying goes, or should go, anyway, these days, when they pop up and vanish again, don't they? with wellnigh startling rapidity.

MEANWHILE, I've made my book, you'll be glad to hear—no, nothing literary, dear Cousin, but just on the Lincoln, also the National, that happens this Friday as ever is. Races fairly in the air, by the way, what with 'Varsity crews likewise going out for *their* gallops every day, and even questions being asked in the House about the price of kippers, because of their being wanted for the Oxf. and Camb. training breakfasts—or, anyway, I expect that really was the actual reason.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.



By HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A NIGHT WITH THE "TERRIERS"

Our artist's impressions of the Assault-at-Arms of the London Rifle Brigade. This was held at the L.R.B. Headquarters in Bunhill Row, and B Coy. Bayonet Team of the Artists Rifles were among the welcome visitors

RACING NOTIONS

OPENING OF THE SEASON

By "CARBINE"

A "NATIONAL" PROBABLE

Thrown In, whose prospects in the great race at Aintree are discussed on this page. The owner is Lord Stalbridge

TWELVE months ago backers sustained a nasty blow in the first of the flat-racing season's big handicaps when young Pat Donoghue on King of Clubs narrowly upset a raging favourite in Zionist. What luck awaits the supporters of the favourite this time? My opinion is that Astérus possesses even a better chance of winning the Lincolnshire Handicap than Zionist seemed to hold a year ago. If he scores I do not think the ante-post bookmakers will come to a great deal of harm. How careful they have been to keep the French crack on the safe side ever since the weights were published. I know that M. Marcel Boussac considers himself hardly treated by the English bookmakers. They have never laid him a price about Astérus which has accorded with his own idea of fairness.

The Right Policy

CONSIDERABLE doubts were entertained at one time as to whether the colt should run at Lincoln. I am glad that M. Boussac eventually made up his mind to allow Astérus to take his chance. If he had pursued a different policy I am convinced an unpleasant construction would have been placed upon the proceeding. The racing public always considers itself to have been victimised when the favourite for an ante-post betting race is scratched from financial reasons. Now, M. Boussac is just launching upon rather an ambitious racing campaign in this country. He hopes to have a runner in the One Thousand Guineas and also in the Derby. In addition, he is sending two or three useful handicap performers into the hands of Sam Darling at Newmarket. It would have been a great mistake had the French owner taken the drastic step of striking out Astérus from the Lincoln because he found a difficulty in getting his own money on it. I am sure the open policy he has decided on is the right one, and if his colt should win on the Carholme he will have an excellent reception.

Rubbing it In

AT the same time, if the French horse scoops this prize it will seem something like "rubbing it in" to the poor English owner. Twice we have seen the Lincoln race go to France during the last few years, and we do not want this to become a habit on the part of our friends across the Channel. I am perfectly convinced that Astérus is well treated by the handicapper, and if he fails to score it will certainly not be because he has been given too much to do. Nor do I think he will fail for lack of condition. When I saw him at Maisons Laffitte at the end of February he struck me as being a singularly fit horse. Robert Denman has wound up the colt to his own satisfaction, and nobody knows more about the art of training than this veteran practitioner.

Rivals to Astérus

VERY few of the English horses in the Lincoln appear to be seriously fancied by their respective stables. I am inclined to think the best of them at the weights will be Helter Skelter, who has done plenty of the right sort of work at Newmarket and has won his latest gallops in encouraging style. It will be a splendid start for Frank Butters if he wins this race for Lord Derby in his first year as trainer at Stanley House. I am not enamoured of the practice of going for favourites in these big handicaps. They seldom win. Still, my opinion is that **Astérus** represents just as good a betting chance as Sir Gallahad III did three years ago. I know so much in favour of him that I feel compelled to make him my selection. As the best each-way chance in the race I choose **Helter Skelter.**

Photographs *Sport and General*

A DANGEROUS VISITOR

Astérus, the French horse owned by M. Marcel Boussac, is greatly fancied for the Lincoln. He will join S. H. Darling's stable after the race

Liverpool Cup

ON Thursday the scene will be changed to Liverpool, where we have the usual highly attractive programme of jumping and flat racing. One of the features of the opening afternoon will be the Spring Cup. Lord Derby is hopeful of adding to his many successes in these cup races by means of Schiavoni. On his form at the back-end of last season we must agree that he is by no means badly handicapped. The question is whether Frank Butters has been able to get the brother to Tranquil fit so early in the season. Among other Newmarket competitors for this race Pantera has done a good preparation, while danger is threatened by Stanley Wootton's candidate, Silver Crag. Perhaps, however, it will be best to depend on **Schiavoni.** One of the most interesting races of the week will be the Union Jack Stakes, in which **Sickle** should repeat the success which Colorado gained in this race for the same owner a year ago.

National Problem

I FIND the Grand National an exceedingly knotty problem. The recent performances of Bright's Boy, White Park, Sprig, Thrown In, Knight of the Wilderness, Silver Somme, and Grakle make the issue between those competitors remarkably close. I am under the impression that Thrown In has improved considerably since he finished seventh over the Liverpool country last year. He is a most dependable jumper, and I see no reason why he should not stay. So far as actual stamina is concerned, nothing has a better chance than Silver Somme, but I am a little doubtful whether she will get over these big fences. In fact, I should not be at all surprised to find Shaun Or reverse the recent Hurst Park form with her. I look for the success of **Thrown In**, and as a second string I take **Shaun Or**, who is no stranger to these fences and has a big pull in the weights with the horses at the top of the handicap. The fact that the Grand National is to be broadcast will bring the thrills of this wonderful steeplechase home to every listener-in.

"TALLY HO!"

Tally Ho! How happily the cry is taken up. For a glorious run of genial contentment and fellowship is certain, when mankind first sights —

DEWAR'S

LIPICTURES

BY VICTOR HICKS

No. 2: MISS BETTY CHESTER

Above is seen the second of THE BYSTANDER'S new and original series of portraits of popular actresses. Miss Chester has made a novel autograph with her lipstick and has set her seal upon the portrait with an impression of her lips

Femina

SQUARE PEGS AND TAXES

By "CANDIDA"

A PARADOXICAL place is this world of ours. It moves so fast and so slowly; it's so young and so old; so amazingly industrious and so astonishingly lazy. And just because it takes all sorts to make it possible to live and be amused in, I hope they won't let the fast, the young and industrious folk have it all their own impetuous way. The folk who want to get us all decently labelled and properly taxed, not seeing, of course, that the labelling will inevitably end in the dullest of republics, with everybody as good as everybody else; and that, of the taxing as a means to the glorious end of universal justice—perhaps the less said the better.

LOTS of us imagine that we could give any Chancellor points, which is due, I think, to that absurd remark about outsiders seeing most of the game. True that some "insiders" seem particularly blind. Having an unhappy knack of setting other people's houses in order, they invariably neglect their own. I know a good soul who devotes her life to advising women on the husband problem. She's written books on the "Psychology of Marriage," on "Reincarnation as the Key to Affinities," on "Soul Unions," and important things like that. She lectures on
jects labelled "For
Only." She's full of
good works, and—inci
her husband ran away
cook, or was it the cha
A brute, of course, you as
a bit of it. He wasn't a b
band as husbands go.

WITH the Budget s
matter of conjecture
the taxes to be all wild ru
and mystery, let's eat, drink,
etc., for to-morrow we
Nothing's so certain in an u
tain world. But as to what
shall pay for, and which thi
will cost us more, opinions va
This is the proper time for havi
them—opinions I mean; now
the moment to criticise the i
portant people in important plac
on whose lightest word an
slightest hint hang the less in
portant. Opinions are cheap t
day; so I'll give you mine fo
what they're worth.

TO tax luxuries would be a
sound enough rule if anyone
knew for certain where necessitie
ended and luxuries began. There
are the obvious things, of course
those that only much money wil
buy—things like cars and marvel
lous garments, pearl necklace
and super-silk stockings by th
score; anything that's expensiv
and tangible, whether you call
luxury or not. The list can
added to and added to; it can i
clude anything you don't li

A DRAMATIC MOMENT

Miss Louise Trenton, who played the part of the Princess in "The Travelling Companion." She is a member of the company of Mozart's "Cosi Fan Tutti," which will be produced to-day (Wednesday) at the Kingsway Theatre

yourself, such as gramophones and toy terriers, as well as those you do—let's say Pekingese dogs, grand pianos, and diamond bracelets. Eventually it will include ships and shoes and sealing-wax and cabbages, and so on.

IN time there'll be nothing tangible left to tax, and then Chancellors and people will fall back on the intangible, on the things that money can't buy, when the fun will properly begin. It's beginning already. What else is this threat we've heard of late, this threat to tax bachelors, and, incidentally, spinsters? Because just as man means woman in the abstract, so spinsters are included in bachelors. A bachelor, I take it, is a luxury, and as such must pay for the right to cumber the earth. But as that which he's supposed to pay for can't go down in account-books, it isn't a tangible luxury, and shouldn't be meddled with by any man, however

end to the list of intangible luxuries, and I agree it would be very pleasant to turn it to account. Why not tax genius, for instance? There's a luxury for you if you like. And happiness? "State whether happy or unhappy" the new forms might run. "Take an average of three years' happiness." Faced with such a problem I'd write myself down unhappy just to have done with it. And as for regrets and conscience money, no one will be able to afford the luxury of conscience.

ALL the same, I see they'r

AT VALESCURE

A group at the clubhouse at Valescure where "The Bystander" Cup was competed for recently. The photograph shows General Evans, the winner of the Cup (left), Sir R. Wigan, Mr. E. C. Campbell, Mr. A. H. Ridley, Miss Inez Quilter, Miss Mary Collins, Lady Collins, General Tate, Mr. Y. N. Pharazyn, and Mrs. Tate

RIVIERA NOTES

By DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

IN between the usual showery days of March we have fortunately had enough sunshine to make the latest ttles of Flowers very enjoyable—all the enjoyable, in fact, as we read in orning papers of the floods and orms which were prevalent not the Riviera before going to New York, gave, between them, a programme which aroused the greatest enthusiasm. There was a very smart and appreciative audience, which included the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly,

Amateur Dramatic Society, which has just been accomplished, for entertainments in English are extremely rare here. Colonel Gordon Casserley, the well-known novelist, and Colonel St. John Killery, both of them amateur actors of wide experience and ability, are actively engaged in organising the first public performance, which will take place on March 25 in aid of a British charity, and will consist of three one-act plays.

THE centre of interest in the tennis world has now moved back to Cannes after an interval of several weeks, and the open tournament at the Cannes Lawn Tennis Club this week will be followed by the one at the Beau-Site. These are two of the oldest clubs in the South of France, and are always extremely popular, and there is a large and notable entry at each, the King of Sweden being among the competitors.

AT Monte Carlo the present season may be rather short, but it is beyond question brisk, and at the moment life in the little Principality is one long round of gaiety. For those energetic people who don't like to miss anything at all, twenty-four hours a day is not nearly long enough. The amount of private entertaining going on is remarkable, and large and cheery luncheon parties and dinners take place daily in all the smart restaurants. Among those who have been entertaining at the Hôtel de Paris, Ciro's, the Ambassadeurs, the Café de Paris, Pam's, and other notable resorts are Sir William and Lady Yarworth Jones, who have had some very big parties; Madame da Silva, whose honour the other night were terlinck and his wife, who very often; Prince Danilo and his wife; Sir Charles tier; Mr. Kingsley Ma- wealthy American racing new and palatial yacht has Monaco; Mrs. Foljambe; Cameron, a very popular tess; Mr. C. M. Schwab, erica's steel magnates, who nour of entertaining the King ; and Major-General the Hon. s and Lady Sackville-West.

arbour is now almost as full as of Cannes, and the numerous e yachts when illuminated at ake a most charming spectacle iewed from the terraces or the ine. There are also far more e craft than before at such places efranche, Golfe Juan, Juan-les- St. Raphael and Menton, where atta has been arousing much t recently and where yachting is singly popular, thanks largely to forts of Captain Leslie Richard- who is an enthusiast and an rity on the subject.

ISING in the Mediterranean is ore fashionable this winter, not with the owners of floating palaces large and expensive crews, but he sportsmen of moderate means, ome out by way of the inland ays on small motor cruisers, and a few months happily on board heir wives and families, with one man and a boy to help It is a jolly and ideal picnic

D. W. T.

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"Pardon . . . a-tish-oo!—Pilsen?"

TWO PANS IN PRAGUE

By G. E. R. GEDYE *Illustrations by CARL JOSEF*

Prague.

I CAN never understand why people should experience any language difficulty in this city of adorable architecture and atrocious hotels. Both Josef and I can make ourselves readily understood with the amount of Czech at our disposal.

There is no secret about the recipe. "Please" will carry you a long way; "thank you" the rest; and "Sir," or "Monsieur," will make the whole go like butter. Now, my contribution is the Czech for "please," Josef's the Czech for "thank you"—that is to say, I can spell the one, *prosim*, and Joseph the other, *děkuji*. As to pronunciation, I sneeze and he coughs. And "Monsieur"—well, it is the Czech equivalent for that word which sends me back to Prague again and again. There is a godlike feeling about being addressed as "Pan" which gets me every time. "Pan Gedye, a letter for you," says the porter. "Will the Pan have cold sausage for his second breakfast?" asks the waiter; and, though it is sure to be richly garlanded with garlic, the Pan falls for it, even if he has to inhale it through a gas-mask.

Thus Josef and I sally forth and ask the way to the nearest dispensary for Pilsener, which has now been naturalised in Czechoslovakia as "Plzen." Our procedure is simple. "Pardon" (that is international), "Pan, a-tish-oo!—Pilsen?" The answer comes in fluent German. "Ahem—ahem" from Josef, two little hats are neatly raised, and honour is satisfied.

Why do we not speak German, since we understand it? Because it simply isn't done; no one speaks German in Czechoslovakia except the Czechs; and the Czechs will not answer at all if they think that you are German, while Germans who know Czech refuse to speak it. But when your foreign accent—I don't pretend to have got that sneeze quite right yet, though the influenza epidemic gave me lots of practice—betrays your inability to understand Czech whilst demonstrating your goodwill to speak it, all is plain sailing. There is only one crab. Go up to a Prague German by mistake and sneeze at *him*, and it is ten to one he will swallow a quinine capsule and walk off in injured silence.

We really went to Prague to investigate Czech art and to dig out a new Robot play. We failed to find it, but we ran across something just as good—a jazz-Hamlet. I do not want to be irreverent about the National Theatre production to which we were invited and which was in every way admirable. With its futurist mountings and occasional 1927 costumes, it left our old-fashioned methods in the shade, but it was a trifle startling.

'So utterly charming . . . that Josef nearly fell out of the box"

There was none of your "moody Dane" business about Hamlet; M. Kohout played the part in acrobat's tights and a mediæval Eton jacket entirely suited to his energetic performance. Ophelia (Mlle. Kraunbauerova) looked so utterly charming in the latest Viennese creation of a very brief-skirted white silk jumper suit with transparent sleeves and deep white-fox cuffs that Josef nearly fell out of the box trying—he said—"to get the right angle" for his sketch. Polonius was a glorious sort of butler person with Robey eyebrows, not unlike an inflated Frog Footman; when Hamlet rapped him with a cane smartly across his magnificent corporation, the stalls reverberated, first with the sound of the blow and then with the innocent laughter of Pans and Panesses who found godlike enjoyment in this well-known Shakespearean farce. When that fascinating Ofelie—as the programme had her—curled herself up on an enormous old-rose puff to sip from her dainty gilt coffee-cup to the strains (off) of the "Slowak Jazz," we both decided that to be addressed by her, as Hamlet was in the Czech language, as "Princie" and "Hamletie" must be the supreme bliss. The fact that most of the characters strutted their little while before the triangles and circles of the futurist scenery in their usual panoply of red beards, halberds and halidoms served but to add piquancy to Ophelia's Kärntner Strasse creations.

There is space only to mention our other great artistic discovery — the Patchwork Portrait. Strolling all unsuspecting into a most attractive photographic exhibition, we struck one room containing the very latest thing in Dresden art. The handsomely framed pictures were composed literally of coloured tickets and labels—nothing more. In one which I analysed I found four pink tram-tickets from various German cities, two white betting slips, a green cigarette label, and a beer stain. The greatest artistic triumph of the exhibition was that pathetic scene depicted by the aid of textiles superimposed on a groundwork of pawn-tickets—two square inches of Gents' Check Trouserings and half a square inch of baby-ribbon. The heartrending sobs of poor, out-of-date, pen-and-ink Josef as he gazed on this pathetic masterpiece sent me off sneezing for "Plzen" again at express speed.

The Confession of an
Old Three Quarter
Verses by Hugh Bolton
Illustrated by "Mac"
I LOVE to read the glowing tales
Of the Rugger games of to-day ;
Then off to bed I go and dream
Of the matches we used to play.
Across the bed I swerve and feint,
Long passes I take in my stride ;
I collar my man—but he isn't there :
My head thumps the rail at the side !
I shout as I fall on the ball,
To find myself flat on the floor !
But back to bed I crawl again—
In the hope that I'll dream some more !
Oh, the thrust, the dash and the thrill
Of the game of all games for men !
I'm glad to re-live in my dreams
The great days of pre-nine-teen-ten !

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

You might think that by this time all that could usefully be said about Disraeli had already been said many times. And yet to many people, I suppose, he still remains something of an enigma. How far, for instance, was he sincere? How much, or how little, of an Englishman? How far have his ideals remained active in the political world? It is certainly meet to find a new interpretation of him included in the series which Mr. Guedalla edits, called Curiosities of Politics. If ever there was a curiosity in politics, *Disraeli* (Benn: 16*s.* net) was one, and, if only for that reason, one may read Mr. D. L. Murray's graceful study with more than usual interest.

It is true that Mr. Murray has no startlingly new theory to present, and few new facts to help him, but he has done his work with something more than competence. His story is told with a fine sense of drama, and little is lost by the very necessary compression of so much into so small a space. You do see the man emerge, not wholly, it may be, divorced from mystery, yet clear-cut. You see him, as it were, playing a kind of affectionate stepfather to the country, working terrifically hard, but at the same time not unwilling to laugh at his work. You see him exhorting a nation to use its imagination, and giving it a lead which, for all that his enemies may say to the contrary, still in a fashion persists. And Mr. Murray, knowing the peculiar gifts of his editor and not unaware of modern biographical methods, has written just such a book as was wanted. It is illuminative and gracious. The man is re-created for us, and in such a way that the political background is suggested almost as entertainingly as is the chief figure himself. It is a book very well worth reading slowly and with care.

A WRITER IN AFRIKAANS

"Marie Linde" is the pen-name of Miss Elise Bosman, whose portrait is shown above. She has achieved great success in South Africa with her novel, "Onder Bevoorregte Mense," a translation of which, with the title, "Among Privileged People," has been published by Messrs. Stanley Paul. This is the first novel to be translated from Afrikaans to English

❋

In *The Hurcotts* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) Miss Muriel Hine seems to me to be at her most ambitious and best. As the study of a family on the down grade it is sympathetic and understanding; and as a story it has all the real drama (as opposed to the stagy counterfeit) that one has come to expect from the writer. There is a large canvas, and for a brief moment, it may be, you are inclined to be fogged, but speedily these Hurcotts sort themselves out, and you read on with the greatest pleasure.

This is not the first time that an old family "failing" has been made use of by the novelists, but Miss Hine is never guilty of the least exaggeration. The Hurcotts "drink," but only rarely to grave excess. Yet the bugbear is never absent except in the case of poor Elspeth and her second daughter, young Abbie, who, after her mother's death, sees her father sink slowly down, clay in the hands of a clever young woman.

Barbara, I am inclined to think, is easily the most masterly of all Miss Hine's many portraits. She is not very likeable, but she is not wholly bad. A trainer's daughter, in any case, may be expected to have a hard time with people in a higher social stratum. Barbara obtains what she wants, but at a cost to herself as well as to the family she has helped to ruin. And one lays down the book with feelings of gratitude to the writer for giving us such a delightful study.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

BRIDGE TRAGEDY

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

World's records are always of interest, and I have often wondered what is the absolute record loss on any single hand at Bridge. We all have our tragedies. Sometimes hands which are perfectly called and perfectly played come "unstuck" through a freak distribution of cards held by the opponents. Then there are occasions when we over-bid recklessly, either for flag-flying purposes to keep the game alive or because we feel like it.

The biggest loss I have ever sustained personally in one hand is 600 points, and that was due to an injudicious re-double. The biggest win I have ever had in one hand was 1000 points, also due to a re-double, opponents going down five tricks re-doubled.

In his latest book Mr. Sidney Lenz, of America, gives an example of a hand which he believes holds the championship as the biggest loser. I should be interested to hear of any authentic hand that was ever played by responsible players and incurred a greater loss.

	Y: S.—None. H.—Q, 10, 9, 5. D.—K, Q, 9, 8, 5. C.—A, Q, J, 6.	
S.—A, K, 10, 9, 4, 2. H.—2. D.—10, 6, 2. C.—9, 8, 2.	A / B	S.—J, 8, 6, 5. H.—A, K, J, 3. D.—A, J. C.—K, 5, 3.
	Z: S.—Q, 7, 3. H.—8, 7, 6, 4. D.—7, 4, 3. C.—10, 7, 4.	

A had the deal and bid "One Spade," which Y doubled on informatory lines, and B re-doubled. Z called "Two Hearts" in response to the double; A, "Two Spades"; Y, "Three Hearts." B doubled, Z and A passed, and Y re-doubled.

The hand was played in three Hearts re-doubled. Apart from Y's re-double of three Hearts, the bidding was along conventional lines and within the limits of modern speculation.

Y's apparent optimism in re-doubling three Hearts is almost, if not quite justified, as he holds a very powerful hand. The distribution is such that a single trick in his partner's hand would seem to be sufficient to permit him to make his contract. Even the Jack of Hearts would go a long way towards making Y and Z's hands good for nine tricks, conceding one Club, one Diamond, and two Hearts to the opponents.

But this is how it turned out. A opened his singleton Heart. Z played the nine of Hearts from Dummy, so that if the trumps were continued he would have a re-entry in his hand with the 8, and could take the Club finesse which seemed the only chance to save a few tricks. B won the first trick with the Jack of Hearts, and played four rounds of the suit, Z being then in the lead as he had continued unblocking in Dummy. A discarded two small Diamonds and the 8 of Clubs. When Z led the 10 of Clubs, A "echoed" with the 2, although Z undoubtedly would have taken the finesse without this dubious encouragement.

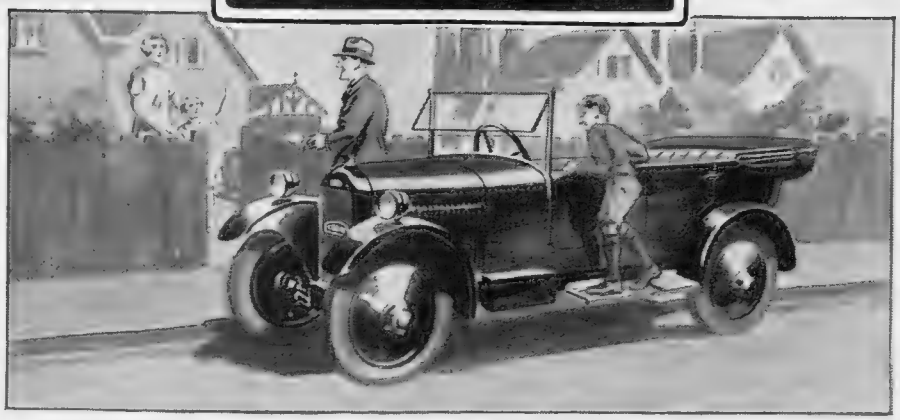
When B won with the King of Clubs and led a Spade A made six tricks in that suit, and on the eleventh trick Z had the unhappiness of deciding whether it was best to discard from Dummy the Ace of Clubs or the Queen of Diamonds. B playing after Dummy had a perfect squeeze position that was invulnerable, and scored 1600 penalty, 50 for a small slam, and 16 for honours, an aggregate of 1666 points.

The fundamental error in the bidding was Z's bid after B had re-doubled on first round. Z should have passed and left Y to extricate himself from the re-double, which he would have done with "Two Diamonds."

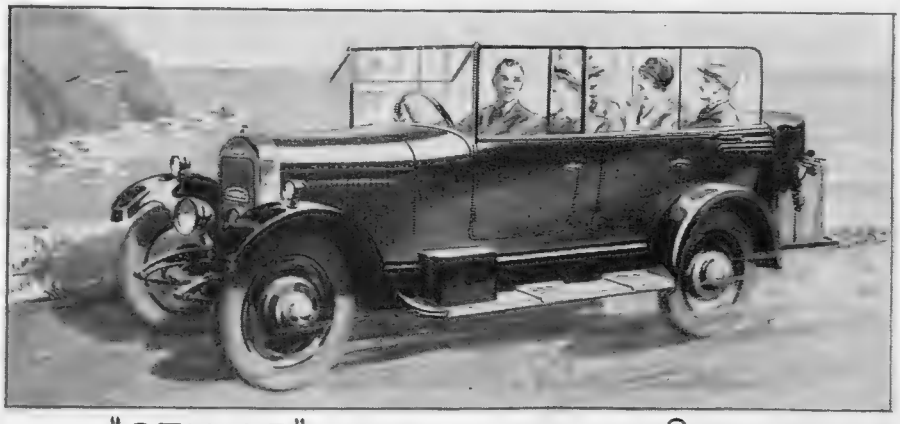
The interest of the hand lies in showing into what deep waters these doubles and re-doubles may lead a player.

A Car for every purse & purpose

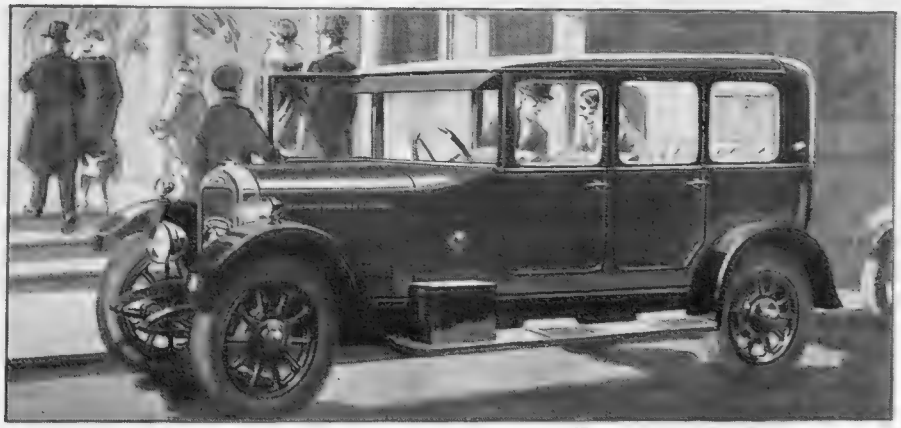
SINGER



"JUNIOR" FOUR SEATER £148.10.0



"SENIOR" FOUR SEATER £220



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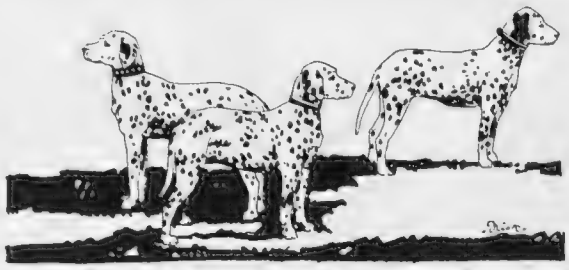
H.P.



CARRIAGE DOGS

When You Pick Out the Plums

By "THE KENNELMAN"

IF there is a jollier or more consistently interesting hobby than Dog-breeding, the writer has yet to learn of it. Therefore, naturally, he recommends trial of it. (An after-dinner speaker recently declared that he had got more real fun, not to mention solid information, out of it than he had ever gathered from yachting and racing—at a hundredth part of the cost.) But it's a definitely creative game, with responsibilities of its own, by no means lightly to be shirked; and so The Kennelman does stipulate for preliminary investigation of its principles before recommending even the most enthusiastic to tackle it.

"As the figures show bigger registrations in the second half of each year than in the first half, I suppose I went wrong at the outset, in arranging a mating at Christmastime, and so dooming my first pups to face blusterous March; but, however wrong I was in this, I can't see why it should have made the pups all-white, with devil a spot among 'em; for the dam's a lady all right, and the sire was described to me as one of the best Dalmatians ever bred."

So far, one's chuckle over this correspondent's discomfiture was sympathetic, but when he goes on to complain that a fellow hasn't much of a chance in this game, "when there's nobody to advise, and no one seems to know a thing about Dalmatians," sympathy rather fizzles out. For fully a century this handsome breed has been cultivated in England, and there are three Dalmatian clubs. Secretaries' addresses:—Hampstead Norris, near Newbury, Berks; 8, Allandale, off Lytham Road, South Shore, Blackpool; and Coldharbour, Mayfield, Sussex. Dalmatians are clinking good Dogs; hardy, intelligent, docile, perfect followers, and beautifully built. Also, it's a good breed to tackle just now, because coming more into favour than for several decades past. Dalmatian pups are born white; but the merest neophyte should know better than to worry about that. The spots come after the second or third month.

As to the time of year, this correspondent again worries unnecessarily. The reason why registrations are more numerous in the second than the first half is simply that most breeders postpone registration till selling or licensing time; well after weaning, anyhow. I would call March an ideal month for whelping; and even February better than any late summer month. Pups can't be out in the open very much before weaning, anyhow, and if they then have a bit of spring and the whole of summer before them, the breeder can ask nothing better, for they'll then be furnished Dogs before winter comes. By all means take up breeding. It's a great game. But give a little study to it, first. Don't start at the mating stage now. No; give the rest of this year to doggy companionship; to the study of Dogs, in the flesh, in books, at the shows, in the kennels of friends; and to the planning-out of things; precisely what you mean to attain in breeding, etc. Then arrange matters so that you can welcome your first litter along about Pancake Day, '28; a first-rate time.

A reader in Innsbruck writes:—"Among the other rubbish I see in the papers about Alsatians—I suppose it has the advantage of giving the breed good advertisement—there's the trick of calling them Alsatian Wolf*hounds*. This is all wrong. The official designation is 'Alsatian Wolf*dog*,' and they definitely are not Hounds. In America they still are 'German Sheepdogs'; probably a better name. The Wolfhounds are the Russian, that we call Borzois, and the Irish Wolfhound. The Alsatian's a fine Dog—not a Hound."

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SOLD BY THE BEST HATTERS

Actual Makers: BATTERSBY & CO., LTD., STOCKPORT
MONOMARK BCM/BATTERSBY

'Ivory'-tipped or
Plain
20 a shilling

A De Reszke by any other name might smoke as sweet – but its name is a reassuring guarantee of its behaviour . . . And the new 'Ivory' tip – !

DE RESZKE
Virginias

THE CHOICE FOR THE VOICE

Other De Reszke Cigarettes include *American*, 25 for 1/10; *American de Luxe* (Hand Made), 25 for 2/-; and *Tenor* (Turkish), 25 for 3/2.

BY THE LYCH GATE

A picturesque corner by the old churchyard of Walton-on-Trent. The car in the foreground is a Wolseley 16/45 h.p. Two Litre (Six Cylinder) model

MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD

THE enormous number of motor vehicles which are coming on the roads each week, a number which will considerably increase as the weather improves, is causing some of the more nervous motorists furiously to think. Anyone who has driven a considerable distance knows that accidents are usually caused by the other fellow doing something foolish or thoughtless, and no matter how much care is taken there is always the possibility of a bump, even if it only results in a scratched wing. In the States the road congestion is considerably worse than in this country, one result of which is the almost universal fitting of bumper bars. Another result of the crowded road conditions in the U.S.A. will be found in the fact that most American cars have extraordinarily good acceleration, and remarkably good brakes, however low their maximum speed may be. This lesson is now being learnt by British manufacturers, as they are realising that quick acceleration in traffic and notable stopping powers are becoming of more importance than a high maximum speed and a gear box which requires skilful handling in order to obtain the best results.

FOR some days past I have been surrounded by a maze of figures supplied me by the Ministry of Transport and showing the number of licences issued during 1926 in Great Britain, and the individual figures for each County Council and County Borough sub-divided into the class of vehicle, such as private car, lorry, or taxicab. I am also fortunate in possessing similar figures for the preceding year, and I have been able, with expert assistance, to make some deduction with reference to the increase in the number of motor vehicles which are licensed each week. Taking the 1925 and 1926 official figures, I have calculated that a minimum of 2,000 extra private cars came on the road in the latter year, while the total extra number of motor vehicles of all types came to nearly 4,000 per week. The indications are that motoring in 1927 will be even more popular than at any time before, and we are therefore faced with the problem of dealing with over 4,000 extra motor vehicles per week!

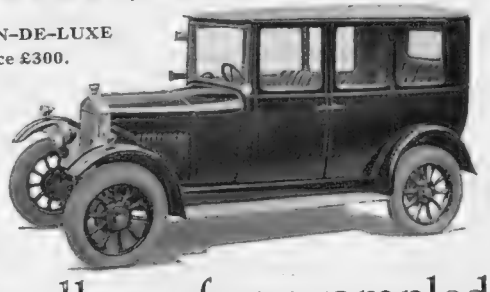
* * *

WHILE the Olympia Motor Exhibition is the most important and official show of the year, certain of the more enterprising distributors stage motor exhibitions on their own premises. One of the most

(*Continued on page* xii)

Immediate delivery!
the 11·22 h.p. WOLSELEY

SALOON-DE-LUXE
Price £300.



A small car of unexampled performance and enduring beauty

A beautiful little carriage for all occasions—either town or touring. Silent and powerful "All-gear" engine. Four wide doors. Adjustable front seats. Finished in blue or lake. Luxuriously upholstered, and lavishly equipped. Fitted with four-wheel brakes

Two-seaters or Four-seaters from £215.
Catalogues from any Wolseley Dealer or from
WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD., BIRMINGHAM

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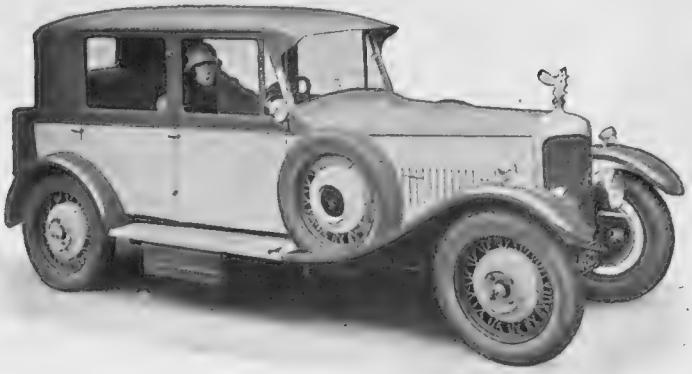
ROVER CARS

"Sturdy as an old Sea-Rover"

ROVER WEEK
(March 21st–26th)

A unique opportunity for you to acquire one of the very finest cars ever produced. Write us now—or call.

THE ROVER CO., LTD., 61, NEW BOND STREET, W.1, & COVENTRY



John o' Groats—Monte Carlo Rally, 1927

The Rally consisted of 1,680 miles, and the Hon. Mrs. V. A. Bruce, driving a 16/66 h.p. A.C. Saloon Car, covered the distance in 70 hours 20 minutes continuous driving.

At Monte Carlo, Mrs. Bruce was awarded the Coupe des Dames, gained sixth place out of 65 starters, and made record time for hill climb.

Mrs. Bruce used "BP" throughout.

Use

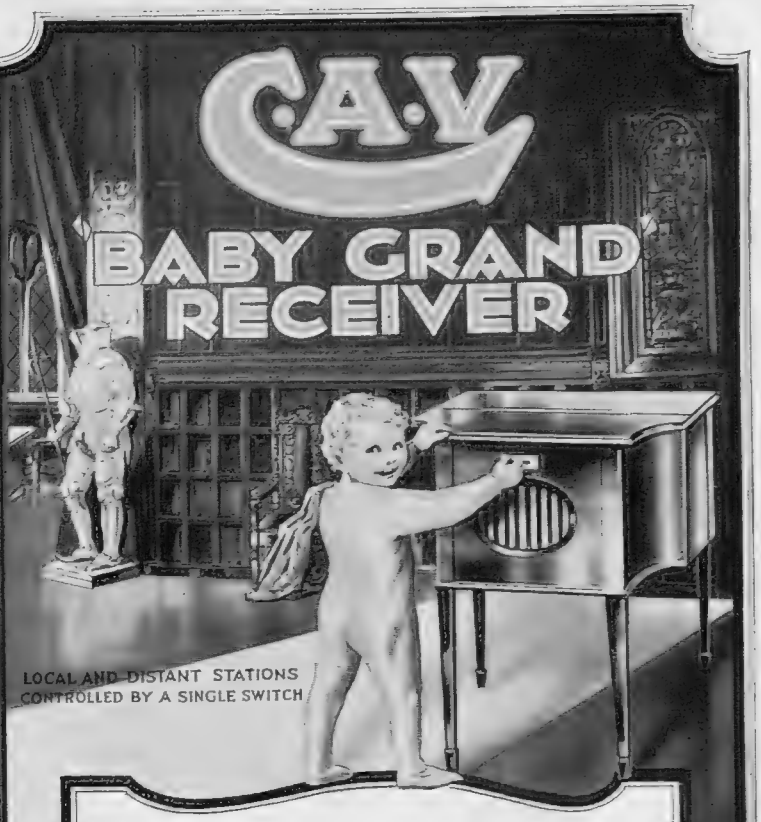
"BP"

The British Petrol

British Petroleum Co. Ltd. Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization of the
ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.

C.A.V.

BABY GRAND RECEIVER



Elegant Simplicity

A child can operate this cleverly designed receiver supplied complete ready for use, leaving ample room for spare components.

The "Baby Grand" Receiver is an enviable possession to be treasured by the most discriminating lovers of music and good furniture.

A duplicate tuning system enables any two selected stations to be tuned in, and either can be reproduced by operating the control switch.

Height, 31 ins. Length, 27 ins.
Width (front to back), 20 ins.

RECEIVER COMPLETE including Loud Speaker, 4-volt 40/80 amp. Accumulator, two 60-volt H.T. Batteries, three Valves, and Plugs for Aerial, Earth and extra Loud Speaker.

Price, in Mahogany or Oak	£25 0 0
Marconi Licence ..	£1 17 6

Satinwood and figured walnut can be supplied at extra cost.

Catalogue supplied on application.

C. A. Vandervell & Co. Ltd.
ACTON VALE. LONDON. W. 3

West End Depot: 224, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2

And at Birmingham, Belfast, Bristol, Dublin, Glasgow, Leeds, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

important and interesting of these semi-private motor exhibitions is Rootes Motor Week at Maidstone. This is now in progress, having started last Monday, and is the seventh of the annual series. For the purpose of this show the premises of Rootes, Ltd., are converted into a most attractive exhibition hall, where all the cars in which they are interested are to be seen. For this year's show there are two unusually attractive features. Certain cars will be shown in chassis form. One of these is fitted with a taximeter which accurately records the net outgoing cost of running at a normal speed of 20 m.p.h. The figures shown on the meter demonstrate in a convincing manner the low costs of modern motoring. Above another chassis a petrol can is suspended from which fuel is allowed to drip visibly into the carburetter at the exact rate of flow required for driving a car at 20 m.p.h. This forms a most convincing ocular demonstration of economy.

***

HITHERTO it has been somewhat difficult for our American visitors to bring their cars with them to this country, owing to shipping requirements, such as crating, etc. The Automobile Association, however, has taken this matter in hand and has secured the co-operation of certain of the shipping lines, whereby the formalities are considerably simplified. The cars are brought uncrated, and the necessary requisition for customs and licensing documents are signed in advance by the motorist before he sails, and the A.A. then has everything ready for the tourist on arrival. I understand that the car will be available for its owner's use in 1½ hours after the berthing of the liner in this country.

IN THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY

A Morris-Oxford car in charming surroundings near the village of Buckland, in Berkshire. The car is a 15·9 h.p. New Model

***

THE manufacturers of everyday necessities are all trying to educate us in the acquisition of the periodic use of their products. We are told when to wash our hair, when to clean our teeth, etc., and now an endeavour has been made to induce a weekly habit in motorists. This new campaign has my hearty support, as it is aimed at securing better service from one of the most ill-treated parts of the car, namely, the tyres. The makers of the Schrader valve, which is used on so many British tyres, have set out to create a new habit among British motorists, namely, "Test your tyres every Friday." It is a very simple operation, by the use of the Schrader gauge, to find the exact pressure of the tyre, and if a certain day were to be set aside each week for this testing we should no longer have the drawbacks of soggy tyres, with the consequent ruination of the fabric.

GEORGE C. STEAD.

THE OXO HABIT

Let oxo put Strength into you

OXO

It's Beef that counts

O.23

perfect paper for perfect tobacco

ARMY CLUB

each one perfectly packed

ACCELERATION

"THE way the car gets away from a standing start and accelerates to 60 miles per hour without any fuss or period is remarkable. I must say I have never tried its equal."

So writes an owner. His experience is shared by every owner of a Crossley Six.

The claims of the Crossley Six can be best put to the test by driving the car yourself. A trial run will be gladly arranged to suit your convenience.

May we send you a catalogue?

5-str. Touring Car	£675
Fabric Saloon	£720
Saloon (Coach-built)	£795
Enclosed Limousine	£875
Enclosed Landaulette	£895

The illustration shows the Crossley Six Enclosed Limousine.

The Crossley SIX

Ask also for details of the

CROSSLEY 14 – £350

Touring Car £350 Fabric Saloon £425
Saloon de Luxe £495

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THE FAMOUS WILLIAMS LATHER

Williams Shaving soap—by its efficiency and quality fully deserves the well designed container shewn above. The secret of The Famous Williams Lather lies in the water softening ingredients of which the soap is composed. Imagine a shave in hot water as soft as rain water—that is a Williams Shave.

PRICES:
Holder-Top
Shaving Stick
1/3 per Stick
Refills ... 1/- each

TRIAL SAMPLE OFFER.—For 3d. in stamps we will send you a sample stick of Shaving Soap. This sample will be enough to convince you of the truth of the merit claimed above.
The J. B. Williams Co.,
Dept. 31 103, St. John St., E.C.1

Williams Holder-Top Shaving Stick

Shape 22

"KINGDUM" COLLARS

Thirty Styles—Quarter Inch Sizes

48 PICCADILLY W.1 **MEAKERS** 30 LONDON SHOPS

Catalogue of Shapes and Sizes on request to Mail Dept., 37 Cheapside, E.C.2.

Presenting a New Expression of The Gossard Tedetite series

Model 6608.—A combination of georgette and satin tricot, designed for the slight figure. The Brassière part is made of georgette in uplift style, and the lower part of Satin Tricot with French Pantie of georgette attached. It is daintily trimmed with Lace and French Flowers. Two pairs of Hose supporters. In sizes 30-38 Bust Measurement. **47/6**

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BRITISH H. W. GOSSARD CO. *Ltd.*
168 Regent Street, London, W.1
(Wholesale Only.)

The Gossard Line of Beauty

MADE IN ENGLAND.

FASHION'S FANCIES

By MRS. JACK MAY

This simple jumper-suit at Jay's expresses the last word in brushed silk, and large soft bow of crêpe de Chine; the jumper effected in narrow blue and white silk and wool striped providing another supreme novelty

THE carefully guarded dress secrets are now pretty well divulged. Generally speaking, the changes are very small so far as line and silhouette are concerned; there is, however, considerably more handwork introduced in the guise of shirrings, tucks, and pleats. In some cases these are so fine and delicate as to be discernible only on close inspection. In one of the new French blues, a *crêpe de Chine* frock seen appeared the simplest, most demure thing imaginable, but had a particular and exclusive *cachet* imparted to it by the tiniest tucks arranged round the hips, not only criss-crossed, but radiating in every direction. A lovely evening creation of *café au lait* charmeuse had a chiffon skirt the same shade, all loose-falling shreds and tatters, that had the effect of being plaited at the top, a wide scarf *jabot* ornamenting one side of the low, round charmeuse corsage. There is very little doubt at all but that greys and blues are out for a big place in the modistic sun; *couturières*, milliners, and shoemakers are quite satisfied on this point, and have made preparations accordingly. *Apropos* of footgear, although a certain number of coloured shoes are being sold, they will not have anything like the vogue of the pale grey and beige kids and skins. These go with every dress, whereas coloured shoes are restricted to one, or at the most two. The best styles are simple rather than ornate, the crux of the matter resting largely on the material employed. The increasing demand for lizard and snake skin has, naturally, not served to diminish the price of these pelts; but there is a sea wolf, most effective, that is comparatively inexpensive. And so long as skirts remain short, stockings and shoes must continue to hold important places in the *ensemble* of the well-turned-out; in fact, they can at once make or mar the most perfect toilette.

These charming little crêpe de Chine squares for wearing with sports or afternoon gowns are being strongly featured at Jay's, Regent Street

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Knitted Wear de Luxe

IN view of the beautiful and varied character of the materials now employed for sports and jumper suits, knit wear is becoming something of a misnomer—a reflection that is borne forcibly home at Jay's, Ltd., Regent Street, where the choice is as exclusive as it is covetable. One is almost tempted to think this house must have some secret source of inspiration. Supremely novel, both in character and construction, is the simple jumper-suit of brushed silk illustrated. A singularly attractive material, never before seen; slightly reminiscent of terry velvet, it has a sheen and a gleam that enhance the value of any colour in which it is offered. In *bois de rose*, and many other shades, the model pictured is arranged with a skirt that is flat-pleated either side, the pleats stitched down almost half their depth, and the whole mounted on to a yoke of *crêpe de Chine*. The jumper is the epitome of straight, slim simplicity, but at once carried out of the realms of the ordinary by a square-cut neck and sleeves finished with square, flat cuffs closed by three buttons. These, together with the neck, are narrowly bound with *crêpe de Chine*, of which material the large, soft bow is likewise fashioned. A particularly intriguing little touch this bow, one that makes for a note of softening distinctiveness, besides being most becoming and new in appearance. Side by side is a jumper, a truly alluring thing of pale blue and white striped silk and wool, the stripes very narrow and close until the hem is reached, when they widen out into two broad lines—an effect which is repeated at the base of the sleeve and in a small yoke piece. This is worn with a narrow leather belt. For the three-piece suit there is requisitioned for the skirt a stone-grey mixture tweed interwoven with little square *motifs* of green and blue, which is completed by a self-coloured stockinette jumper and sleeveless cardigan in coloured stockinette, red or blue or whatever colour is introduced into the tweed, the latter reappearing on the cardigan in pocket facings, and also on the ends of the cravat. A highly finished production in every way, this is only one of many of a like *genre* to be seen at Jay's. A further arresting feature is made of square *crêpe de Chine* scarves. In the nature of a revival, these scarves are figuring on both afternoon frocks and sports suits, either arranged as our artist depicts, draped low down over one shoulder and knotted high on the other, or in any way fancied by the wearer, some women twisting these close round the throat and tying the ends in a piquant knot in front or under one ear.

Toned to a skirt of grey tweed interwoven with coloured motifs is this Jay stone-coloured stockinette jumper and a sleeveless cardigan that picks up one of the colours in the tweed

Perfumes from Spain

TO sensitive olfactory nerves a subtle perfume conjures up colourful pictures, dreams, and many unspoken thoughts, and these delightful impressions are at once created

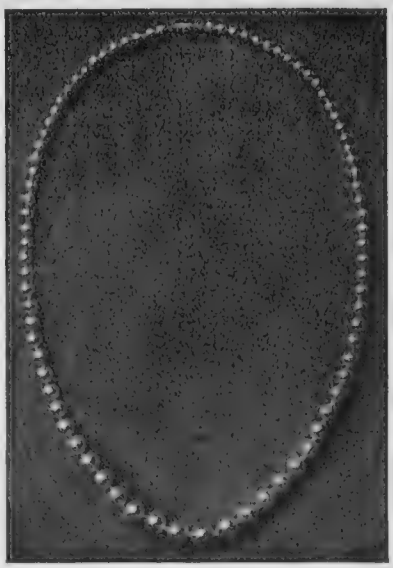
by Maja and Orgia, scents that hail from Barcelona from a firm that has for long years supplied the Royal House and Court with all toilet necessaries. Both these perfumes are singularly delicate and seductive, and will readily appeal to women who are as fastidious over such things as they are over their dress. These perfumes are composed of the true essence of flowers, and are absolutely unique in that they strike a note that is typically Spanish, while at the same time conforming to requirements of the current English mode. Nor does the firm in question confine itself wholly to perfumes. Realising the present-day demand for soaps, face creams, powders, bath crystals, etc., all similarly scented—mixed scents are as nauseous as mixed drinks—there is everything to be acquired from the Myrurgia Co., plus an individuality which is invaluable.

A SINGER OF NOTE

Elizabeth Pechy being presented with a wonderful basket of flowers by Mr. J. Imber after singing at the Annual Aladdin Staff Dinner. This took place recently at the Wharncliffe Rooms

Twenty-five Years' Experience

ALTHOUGH rubber reducing garments are still regarded by many as a latter-day invention, the real pioneers of the movement, the Rosenbaum corset firm, have been extolling the virtues and efficacy of rubber corsets for twenty-five years. From the first these people recognised the essential of only using the softest, most resilient rubber. Smooth as velvet to the skin, this clings and conforms to every movement of the body, producing a gentle, continuous massage that automatically disposes of any superfluous adipose deposit. Such confidence have Rosenbaum in their rubber reducing garments that they are willing to let anyone sample these articles for a week free of charge, and anything fairer than that could scarcely be said. Furthermore, any garments can be made to special measurement in a few days; also those for any specified purpose. The address of Maison Rosenbaum is 466, Oxford Street, whence a booklet can be obtained post free with full description, information, and illustrations.



A ROPE OF TÉCLA PEARLS

Pearls Without Peril

IT is simply asking for trouble these days to possess and wear daily pearls

(*Continued on page* xviii)

Garden Trellis

GARDEN FURNITURE and ORNAMENT

OLD ENGLISH GARDEN SEATS
STONE GARDEN SEATS
IRON GATES (Old English, Spanish, and Italian)
LEAD AND BRONZE FIGURES

RESIDENTS and Visitors to London should not fail to pay a visit to the New London Showrooms situated at 123, New Bond Street where a large and varied collection of Lead Figures, Vases etc., are on view.

BIRD BATHS, SUNDIALS, LEAD VASES, TRELLIS, PERGOLAS, GARDEN HOUSES, Etc.

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situated in the most Aristocratic Quarter
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has been entirely
Rebuilt,
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of
HOTEL PERFECTION

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Smartest French Resort
The leading Hotels in unique situation:
SPLENDIDE-ROYAL
and in centre of Town, near the Casinos
HOTEL EUROPE
SPECIALLY REDUCED PRICES APRIL, MAY AND JUNE

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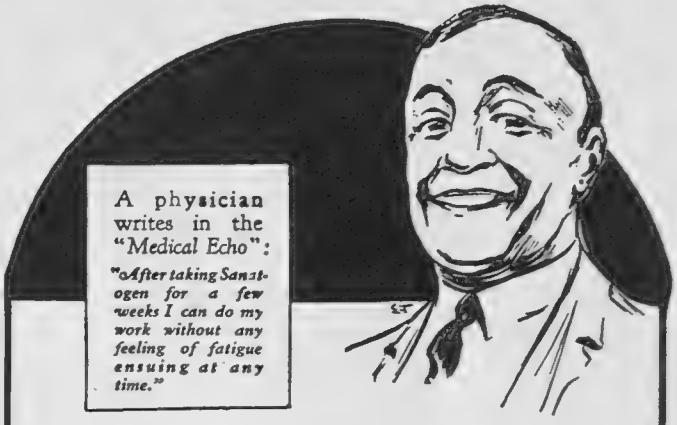
Spend your holiday at the luxurious GRAND HOTEL et des ILES BORROMEES on the Lake Maggiore, facing the Borromean Islands. It offers the gayest of holidays and the loveliest of situations, with every opportunity for Golf, Tennis (International tournaments), fishing, motor-boat racing, bathing, fêtes, regattas, horse races, balls.

For information and booklets apply to:

Italian State Tourist Dept.,
12, Waterloo Place, London, S.W.1.



Hullo! how are *you*?

"Great, feeling fine! Things really might be better—but life is not so bad after all."

"You have changed! The other day you told me a different story."

"Oh that! Yes! I didn't feel so well a few weeks ago. I felt pretty bad—nervous, no appetite and so on. But Sanatogen made a wonderful difference. In a few weeks' time all the old energy came back. It's a glorious thing to be thoroughly healthy, in fact, it makes you feel young again."

Sanatogen infuses into the cells of blood and nerves exactly those elements—phosphorus and albumin—from which bodily health and nerve-strength are derived.

In the *Medical Echo* of Jan. 1926, a physician describes how he tested Sanatogen on 5 medical students:

> *"In a fortnight their physical and mental energy increased by an average of 23%. Some of their comments on Sanatogen were amusing, such as: A real fag-killer—a brain jogger—and—a real grey-matter tonic."*

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, the well-known novelist and dramatist, writes:

> *"Sanatogen gives me the energy to do twice as much work, twice as well. It is to the brain and nerves what petrol is to the engine."*

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

When you do not feel quite well, try Sanatogen for a fortnight and feel the difference in your own health.

Of all chemists—prices from 2/3 to 10/9 per tin.

GENATOSAN LTD., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE

worth a fortune. By some means, that almost amounts to the occult, thieves get to know the whereabouts of the owners, and also their habits. That real pearls are a sound investment is unquestionable, but, like gilt-edged securities, they are safer in a bank than in a dressing-case, their actual replicas being worn in the form of Técla reproductions. The creators of these marvellous counterfeit gems are adepts in copying valuable necklaces, so closely allied to the original, indeed, in sheen and texture as to be only detectable by an expert. Apart from sentiment, there is little to choose between one and the other. Consequently, Society women are constantly having their treasured heirlooms copied by Técla to save them the strain and anxiety attendant on theft.

A British Industry

ALL the world looks to Scotland for the production of those characteristic all-wool tweeds and homespuns that are more in request to-day than ever. Prominent among the manufacturers are Frazer, of Perth, who are particularly renowned for their colours and designs. Recently Mr. Frazer paid a special visit to London, and showed a large stock of the newest tweeds at the house of Itylus, 149, New Bond Street, well famed for its sports and country clothes. One of the outstanding features of this co-operation was the fact that Frazer's were able to offer retail prices usually quoted in Perth, which a visit to Itylus will at once confirm.

A RECORD TRIP

Daniel Rudge, a seventeen-year-old District Messenger, photographed at the conclusion of his trip to New York and back with gramophone master records of Beethoven music in connection with the Beethoven Centenary. Rudge was engaged by the Columbia Gramophone Company at a moment's notice for this unusual "job"

Ready to Wear

IN pursuance of their usual custom, Liberty, Regent Street, have issued a folder illustrating a few designs they are fashioning in Tyrian silk and Yoru *crêpe* for Spring and Summer wear. A cross-over model of the figured silk is specially attractive, and should appeal to older women, as also will the price, 94*s.* 6*d.* A straight slip of a frock for a slim, girlish figure is of Yoru *crêpe*, the long, curved upper part resolving into a skirt portion flat-pleated at the side and relieved by a vest of hand-printed silk, priced at 42*s.* A cross-over coat-frock affair of the *crêpe* is daintily embroidered with flax thread in contrasting colours. In addition to the pictures, the folder includes a full range of patterns of both Yoru *crêpe* and Tyrian silk.

An Exhibition of Hairdressing

The Hairdressing and Allied Trades Exhibition is to be held at the Holland Park Hall from September 12-17 under the exclusive direction of the British Hairdressers' Academy, of London, La Société du Progrès de la Coiffure, and the International Hairdressers' Society. Features which proved so popular at last year's exhibition will again be included, among them being competitions for experts in many branches of hairdressing, and special arrangements have been made for a raised platform to accommodate 100 competitors at once. The scheme of decoration and lighting of the Hall is to be on a magnificent scale, and has been placed under the direction of Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop.

An Exhibition for Campers

The Annual Camp Fire and Exhibition of Camp Kit organised by the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland takes place this year in the Great Hall of the London University at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, S.W.7, on Saturday, April 9. Admission to the exhibition is free.

Try this 10-minute Treatment for

Blackheads

Don't torture yourself and ruin your complexion in trying to cure blackheads by painful squeezing. The Radox way is much quicker, simpler and absolutely painless.

Simply tip a teaspoonful of Radox Bath Salts into a cupful of hot water (not so hot as to be uncomfortable) and apply by dabbing on the face. After a few minutes of this treatment, wipe the face dry, and the blackheads will be seen to have vanished. Follow with a little cold cream.

Read this letter:—

"I wonder how many people know the value of Radox Bath Salts for treating that unsightly complaint 'Blackheads.' Before using Radox I had to receive medical treatment on account of trying to remove same from my chin by forceful squeezing. This caused ulceration. By using Radox the blackheads came out quite easily, leaving the skin all aglow. My brothers are also using Radox with equally good results."

4th Feb., 1927. *D.M.C.*

The Radox treatment is more lasting and leaves no red marks on the face, because the skin is not bruised. Radox Bath Salts are sold by all chemists in pink packets, 1/6 ½ lb. size; 2/6 double quantity.

GRAND HOTEL

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Finest Situation. Splendid Public and Private Rooms.

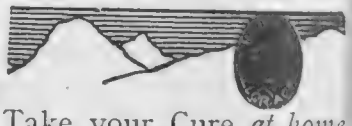
EASTER 1927

Dances and Concerts in magnificent Ball Room and Hotel Lounge. Inclusive Terms for Apartments, Breakfast, Luncheon, and Dinner, from 22/6 to 35/- per day. Luxurious Suites, Sitting Room, one or more Bedrooms, Bathroom and Lavatory, from £2 12 6 to £6 6 0 per day, exclusive of meals.

BREAKFAST 4/-
LUNCHEON 5/-
DINNER 8/6
or 15/- per day.

Full Programme of Easter Festivities on application.
THE MANAGER.

Telegraphic Address: GRAND, Harrogate. *Telephone: 4631 HARROGATE.*



Take your Cure *at home*

JUST a small wineglassful each morning of Rubinat-Llorach, the European natural medicinal water, and you secure in your own home all the beneficial effects of the most health-giving spa.

RUBINAT-LLORACH
NATURAL APERIENT WATER

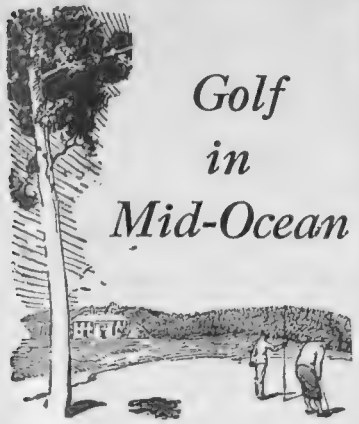
is far richer in valuable medicinal properties than any other known natural water. Of great value in cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Stomach, Liver and Kidney trouble.

Prices: 1/6, 2/3 and 3/6. *Of all good Chemists and Stores, or from*
EVERETT & Co., 106, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3

When and Where Things Will Happen

A handy little card for desk or pocket, containing the dates and venues of over ninety of the principal sporting fixtures of 1927, has been prepared by "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News." A copy of the same will be sent gratis, to any reader who applies to the

MANAGER, "I.S.D.N.,"
16, ESSEX ST., STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.2.



Golf in Mid-Ocean

The natural rolling *terrain* of Bermuda's sunny islands offer to the golfer play unusually exhilarating and attractive. Six courses—three with eighteen holes—bordered by iridescent seas and fanned by ocean breezes. No motors or railways assail the tranquil air. The novelty of golfing in mid-ocean and the excellent hotel accommodation are allurements for any golfer.

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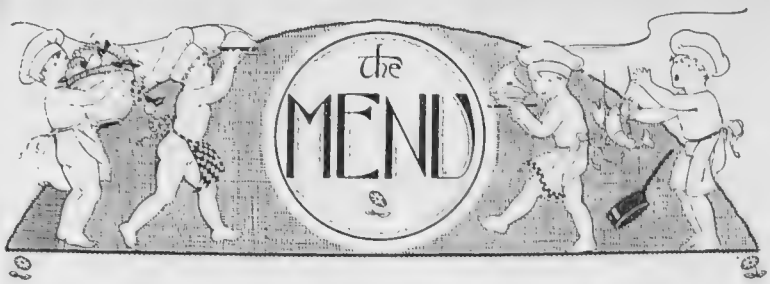

DISHES FOR LENT

EGGS À LA TRIPE.
FISH OMELETTE.
SALMON IN ASPIC.
LOBSTER À LA BORDELAISE.

Eggs à la Tripe

SLICE up three Spanish onions, parboil and drain them, then finish cooking them in milk, slightly salted. When done, drain them on a sieve and make a thick Bechamel sauce with the milk in which the onions have been boiled and a gill of cream. Season with salt, cayenne pepper, and grated nutmeg. Boil six eggs hard, and mix with the onions in the sauce, previously slicing the eggs. Stir the whole over the gas with a wooden spoon. Place the eggs and onions on a dish, surrounded by a border of sippets of toast, and sprinkle some chopped parsley over the top.

Bechamel Sauce.—Dissolve 1 oz. of butter in a saucepan, add 1 oz. of flour, stir long enough to cook the flour without letting it brown. Stir in nearly a pint of boiling milk, add a small onion stuck with a clove, a little mace, white pepper, salt, and a little grated nutmeg. Allow the sauce to simmer for fifteen minutes, strain, and reheat.

Fish Omelette

Break three eggs, separating the yolks and whites; sprinkle into the yolks a little salt, cayenne, nutmeg, and one dessertspoonful of grated cheese; beat all together. Take a good tablespoonful of any cooked white fish, and cut it up into very small pieces. Add a pinch of salt to the whites of eggs, and whip to a stiff froth. Stir the whipped whites very lightly to the yolks, etc. Melt 1 oz. of butter in an omelette pan, pour in the eggs, let them just set a little, then put in the fish, and stir all together until the omelette is cooked; turn it towards the handle of the pan, and with a spoon or egg-slice turn it over for a moment, and then slide it on to a hot dish.

Salmon in Aspic

Boil a piece of the middle cut of salmon and, when done, drain it carefully, so as to keep it whole. Let it get cold, then brush the fish over with liquid aspic jelly, three or four times, but let each coating set before applying another. Place the salmon on a dish, decorate the top with small scraps of the aspic jelly, and garnish with slices of lemon and cucumber, and serve with a salad.

Lobster à la Bordelaise

Melt one heaped tablespoonful of butter in a chafing-dish, and add a tablespoonful of flour, a little salt and cayenne, and stir until smooth. To this add one cupful of cream or milk, and stir until hot. Then put in one cupful of lobster cut up small, and half a cupful of chopped mushrooms. Put the chafing-dish over hot water, and when the mixture is heated through add the beaten yolks of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sherry, and cook until the eggs are set. Serve on salted wafers. EMILIA.

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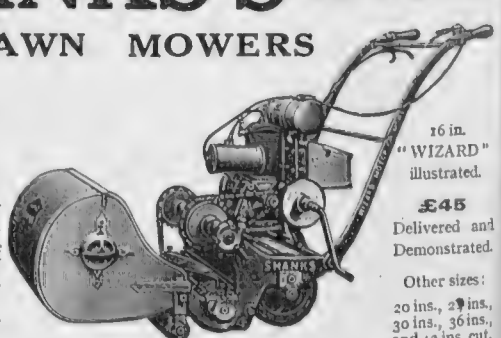

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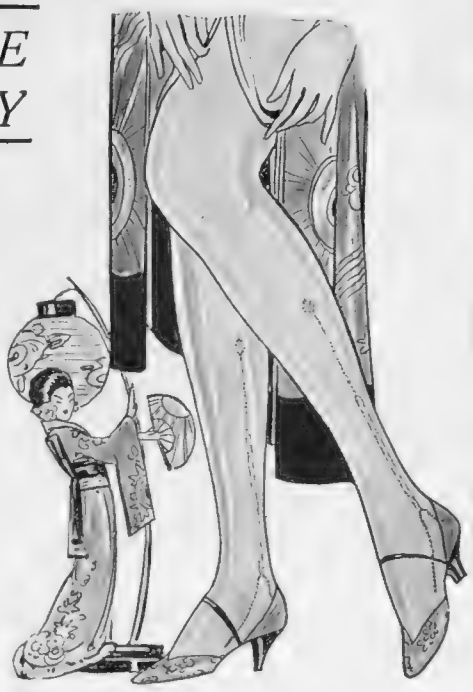

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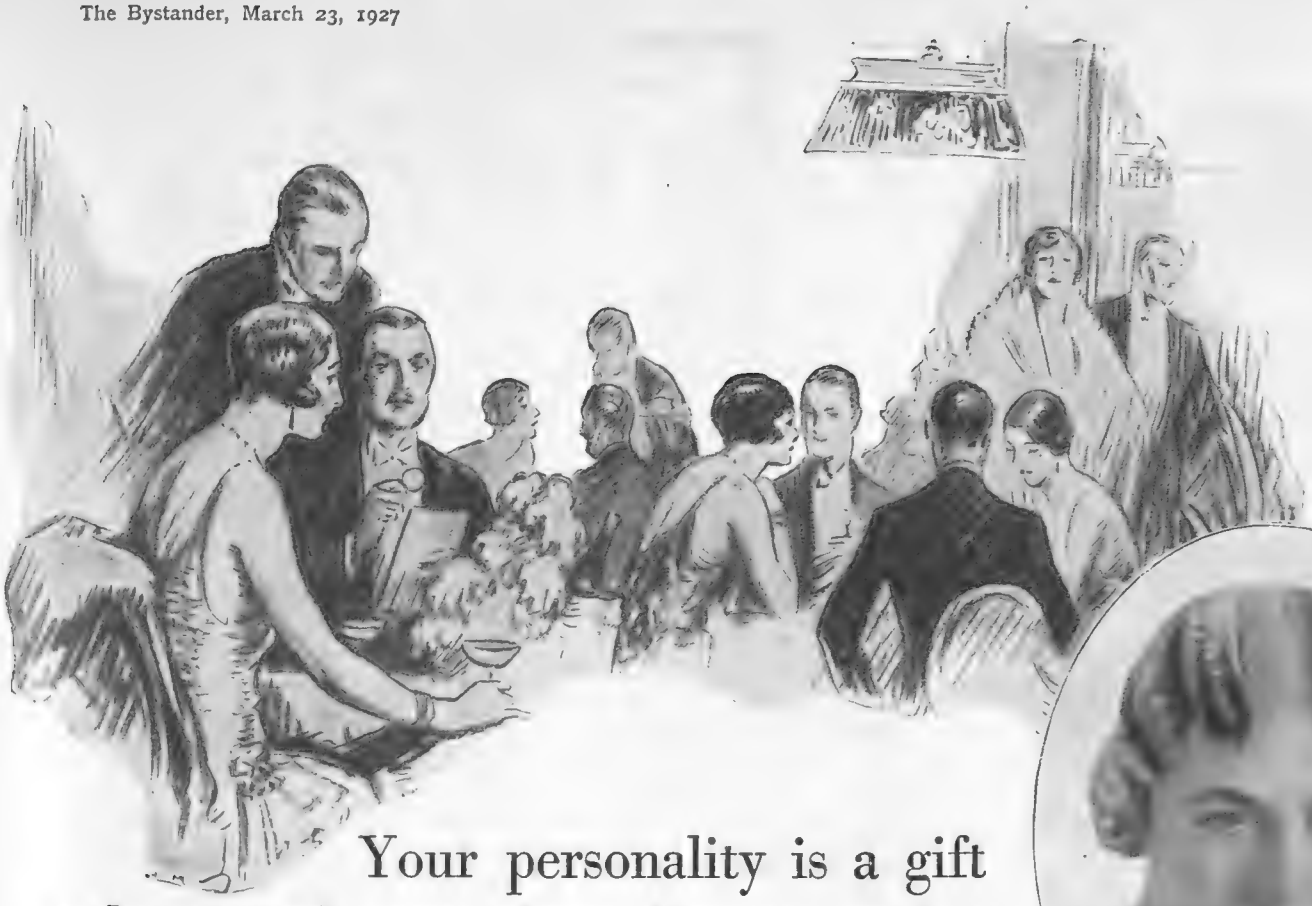

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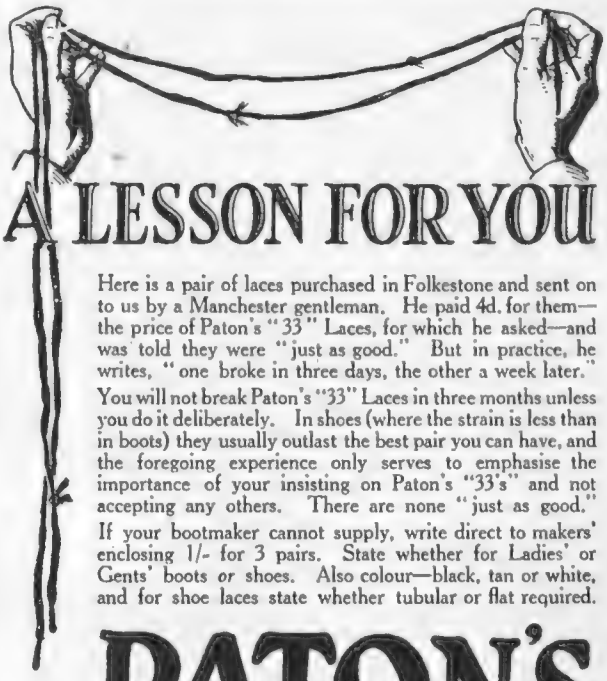

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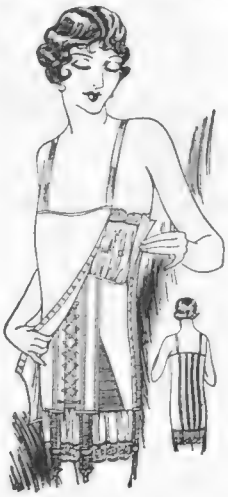

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and is far more efficient than any machine costing more—because it is brushless.

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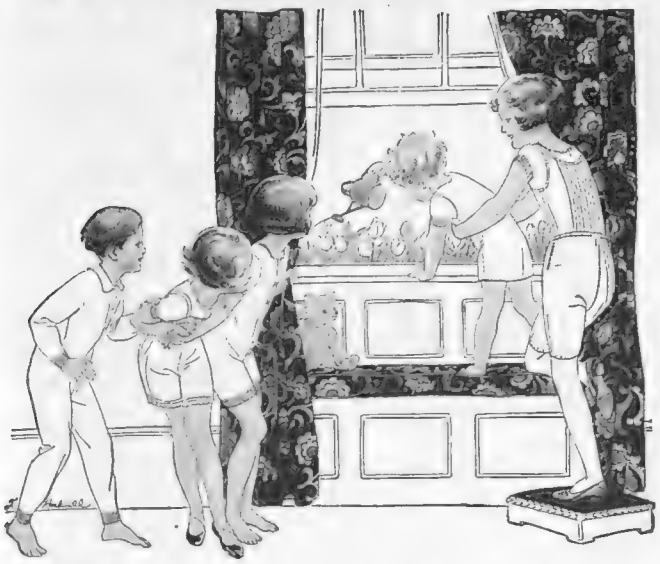

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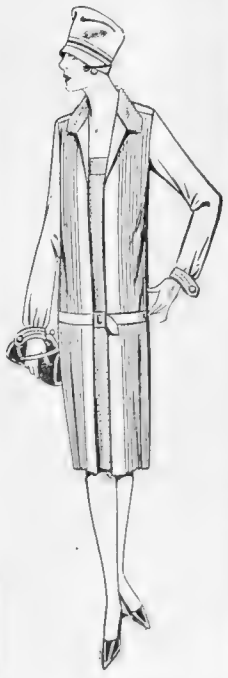

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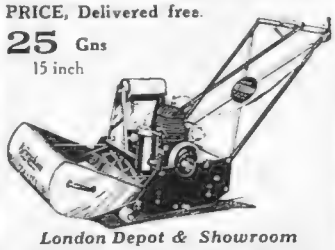

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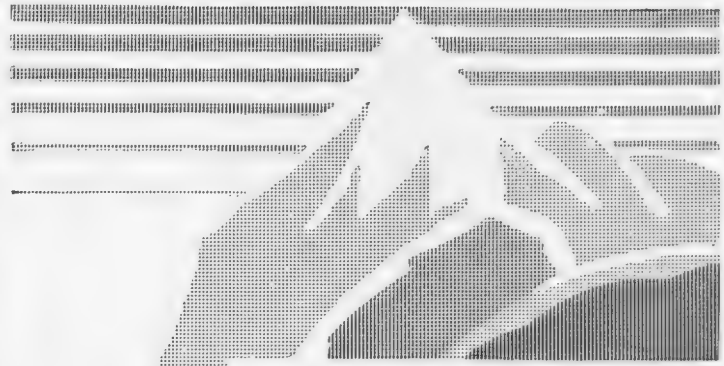

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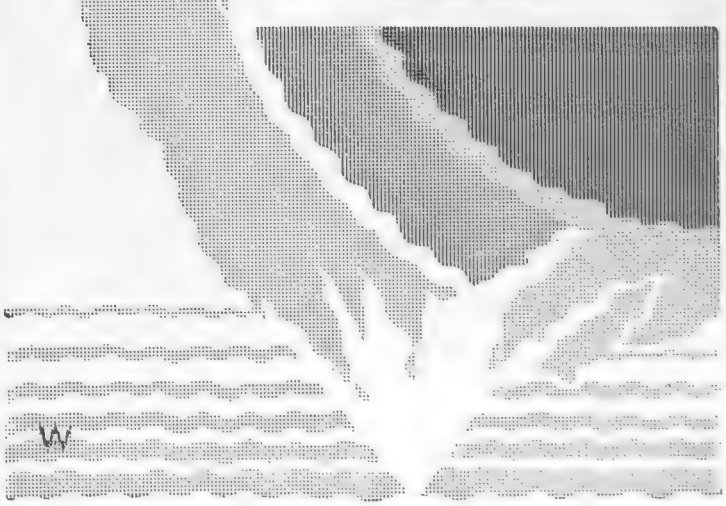

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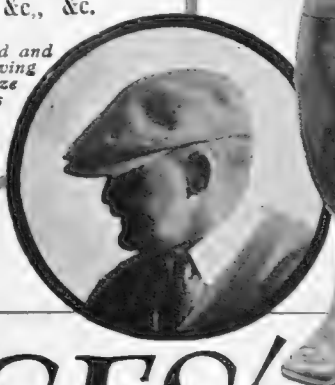

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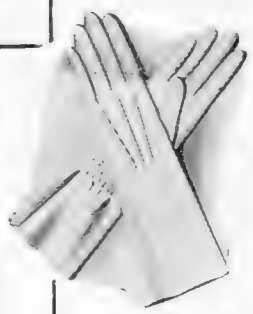

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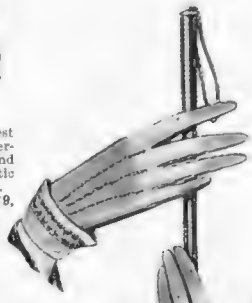

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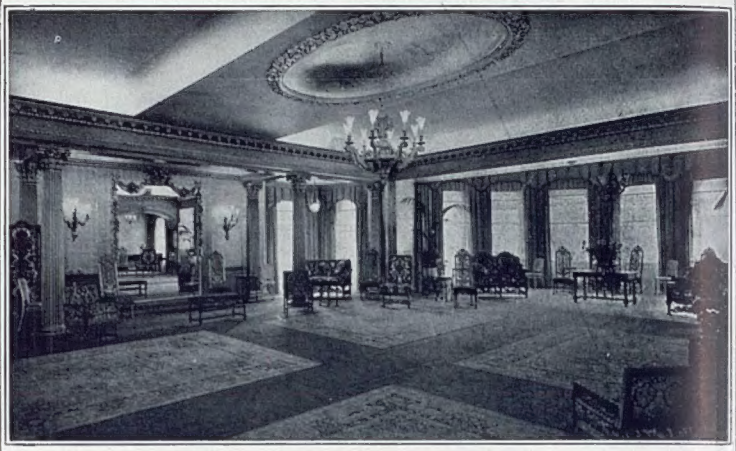

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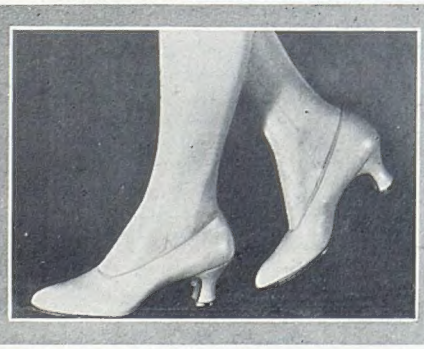

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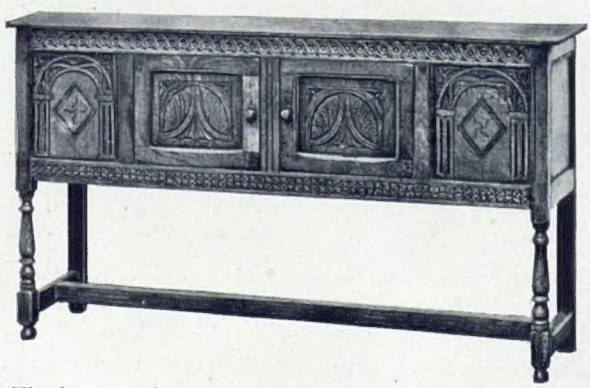

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